The Outlook

MARCH 7, 1923

A DIFFICULT JOB HONORABLY ACCOMPLISHED

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has met one of the most unpleasant athletic situations with a courage and firmness which deserves the highest praise. The announcement of this action was made in the following words:

> The University Committee on Athletics at Columbia University, which is the governing body, wishes to make the following announcement:
>
> A recent investigation into the hockey situation brought out the following facts: That in several games played during the past season, two men were played who, although regular students in good standing at the University, were clearly ineligible to represent Columbia in intercollegiate competition under the rules laid down by this Committee.
>
> These facts were known by the hockey management, but were willfully withheld in the records given to the Athletic Committee and the newspapers after each game. This was such a distinct breach of sportsmanship and honorable dealing that the Committee immediately disbanded the hockey team for the season, canceled the remaining games, erased the records of the hockey team from our records, decided that no insignia awards should be given to any member of the squad this season; that any insignia awards previously given the captain and manager be taken from them; that the coach's connection with the University be severed at once; that the captain and manager never again be allowed to represent Columbia in any athletic event, and it further recommended to the deans of the schools in which the members of the team are registered that drastic scholastic action be taken.
>
> Suitable letters of apology have been sent to the various colleges with whom Columbia played games in which these men took part.

So frank a statement of the offense and so prompt and complete a punishment of the offenders have seldom been seen. The action of the Columbia authorities wipes out any stain upon the record of that University and centers the despicable offense solely upon the individuals directly responsible for it. Columbia has acted on the principle which in the larger affairs of government and the more serious offenses of political corruption Roosevelt acted upon and stated in the following words: "When I was President I endeavored to act so that there should be no need of raising the cry among my opponents of 'Turn the rascals out,' because I turned them out myself just as fast as I could get at them."

HARD COAL AND HIGH PROFITS

THE anthracite miners have come before the United States Coal Commission with a charge that there is a hard-coal monopoly and that it is overcharging the public an average of $3.61 per ton on all anthracite mined in the United States. The miners, through the heads of their three unions covering the hard-coal field, petition the Commission to investigate their claims; and they submit pertinent data to support them.

In their petition the miners assert that the $3.61 complained of is piled on top of a fair profit to the producers (which the miners fix at about 25 cents a ton, with due allowance for variation in annual output) and is taken from the

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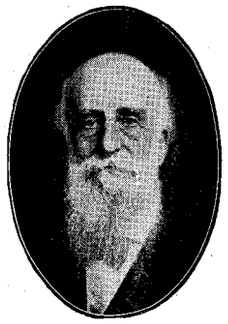
SINCE last October we have kept unpublished the last "Knoll Paper" written by Lyman Abbott. We have waited to give this to our readers until it might serve as an interpretation in the crisis of a great National problem. That crisis seems now to have arrived. To this paper Dr. Abbott gave the title "Love Your Enemies," and he begins his interpretation of this admonition by the question, "What did Jesus mean by this direction to his disciples?" A man's interpretation of this phrase might well govern his attitude towards the greatest of the after-war problems—the problem of the just and proper treatment of Germany by the Allied nations. And it is to that problem that Dr. Abbott has applied the phrase.



LYMAN ABBOTT'S LAST "KNOLL PAPER"

Together with this "Knoll Paper" we will publish an article by J. W. Whelpley giving a point of view commonly held in England. We will also publish with these two articles a statement giving The Outlook's position.

These articles will appear in The Outlook for March 14.

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public, "because of the present monopoly organization of anthracite," in the following manner:

In mining, an average overcharge of $1.26 per ton.

In landowning, "an overcharge which we will not attempt to estimate, but which may become the most disturbing factor in the industry in the immediate future."

In transportation, an average overcharge of $1 per ton.

In distribution, an average overcharge of $1.35 per ton.

The foregoing figures are stated as averages. They affect, the miners assert, all hard coal produced; but on domestic sizes—the larger sizes prepared for household use—the overcharge is estimated by the mine unions to range from $4 to $5 a ton, tapering off to $1 a ton on the smaller sizes that are used almost wholly for industrial purposes, to produce the average stated.

Preferment of such charges of course is quite distinct from proof of them. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the mine unions but recently were engaged in a prolonged deadlock with this self-same monopoly which they now decry. The workers, presumably, are still smarting under the public criticism which was directed, almost without discrimination, at the entire industry. Their very petition quotes their frame of mind. "In the face of such figures," the document reads, "the miners are tired of the operators' common cry that coal strikes are caused by the lack of ability to pay better wages."

It may be, therefore, that the miners have spoken from passion rather than calm judgment; and, in any event, their state of mind must be considered in considering their charges.

Even so, there is submitted to the Coal Commission in the detailed figures designed to support the miners' claim sufficient of tangible material to seem to warrant a thorough inquiry into the points they raise. If the public is paying $4 and $5 a ton, or an average of $3.61 a ton, in excess of a fair and reasonable profit, the public wants to know it. If the overcharge is made possible by monopoly, the public wants to know that, too, so that it may deal rightly with the monopoly. And in taking their petition to the Coal Commission the miners have taken it to the right tribunal.

THREE SIDES TO THIS CASE

Hard-coal mining, we are told, is conducted chiefly by a group of eight or nine big companies closely affiliated with coal-carrying railways. These set the pace, both in wages and in charges to the public. Facts are available concerning the net income, or profits, of six of the larger companies, and those facts are alleged to show an increase in profits from $8,800,000 in 1912 to $32,000,000 in 1920, or more than 360 per cent. The same companies, according to the miners' petition, have rolled up a huge surplus during the eight-year period. In 1912, it is charged, the combined surplus of the first four companies in the field was $10,000,000; in 1920, $74,000,000, an increase of 739 per cent.

How have these companies prospered so greatly? We read in the miners' petition:

> We know there are bookkeeping ways of increasing apparent costs and making the industry seem unprofitable. We ask you not only to determine the present value [of coal plants] but establish and insist for all time upon a uniform accounting system similar to the one advocated by the Federal Trade Commission.
>
> Unless a satisfactory accounting system is adopted and enforced the public and the miners will continue to disbelieve the statements of costs and profits which are now given so much publicity.

In the single item of mining alone, one of the four sources of alleged overcharging, the coal companies have "an apparent net income on present prices of over $103,600,000 annually on a commercial production of 70,000,000 tons."

The entire capital of the anthracite industry, according to the 1919 Census which was compiled from returns furnished by the operators themselves, was but $433,868,039. If the miners' charges are correct, the hard-coal monopoly is making sufficient profits from one source of revenue alone to pay dividends of almost 25 per cent on investment without tapping the other three branches.

There are two sides to this case. Thus far the miners alone have been heard from. The operators have remained silent. Apparently to remain silent has been their policy for years. They know—and thus far they are the only ones who do know—the cost of mining and marketing coal. The huge growth in surplus of the four chief companies indicates the fatness of the profits thus obtained.

We just said that there are two sides to this matter. No; there are three. And the biggest side is that of the common people, who are now, in the hard-coal consuming districts, individually begging their local dealers for half a ton of coal at a time, any kind, any price. They are looking to the Coal Commission to tell them what is the matter with the hard-coal industry and to Congress to make the present condition impossible in the future. Politicians are often said to have their ears to the ground Now is a good time for them to listen!

THE PRESIDENT AND THE WORLD COURT

Quite to the surprise of the country, and as well of the Senate, to which he directed his Message, President Harding on February 24 recommended that the United States join the newly established Permanent Court of International Justice.

In an editorial which was on the press before the President's Message was delivered we described last week briefly the purpose of this Court, and expressed the hope "that before long the United States will expressly adhere to the protocol under which that Court will function."

Accompanying the President's Message was a letter from Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State, giving a brief history of the movement for the establishment of an international court of justice, describing certain features of the Court as now established, and proposing certain reservations to the protocol which would enable the United States to join the Court without joining the League of Nations.

Traditionally the United States has favored the reference of international disputes to tribunals. No country was more influential in the Conferences at The Hague which provided, not only for rules which should govern international relations, but for arbitral means of applying those rules. Indeed, long before that the United States had participated in arbitrations—fifty-seven before 1899, as Mr. Hughes points out, of which twenty were with Great Britain; and within ten years after that had concluded nineteen general conventions of arbitration. But settlement by arbitration is not settlement by a court of law. Arbitration is a method of compromising conflicting wills and purposes, while a verdict in a court of law determines a question of legal right and wrong Moreover, arbitration is administered by men chosen after the issue is raised while legal decisions are rendered by judges chosen without regard to the specific issues involved. Recognizing the need for an international court of law of justice, as distinct from arbitration, this Nation advocated the establishment of a permanent tribunal of judges at the Second Hague Conference in 1907. The reason why such a Court

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KNOW'ST THOU THIS COUNTRY?

(Twelfth Night, Act I, Scene 2)

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

ARE WE COMPLETELY "OUT OF EUROPE"?

From Walter A. Edmunds, Memphis, Tennessee

From Le Journal (Paris)

THE COAL DETAIL

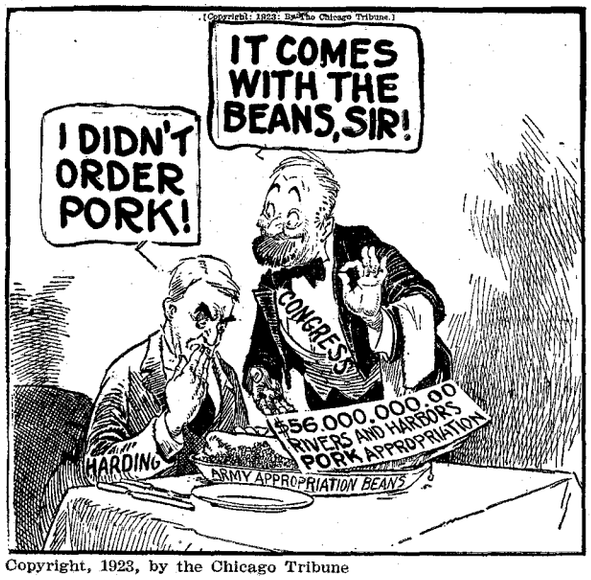
"Go get washed, boys. If the Germans see you they will complain again about our occupying the Ruhr with black troops!"

Thomas in the Detroit News

A PICTURE OF AMERICAN STATESMANSHIP

From B. Crampton, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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THE INSEPARABLE PORK AND BEANS

From E. W. Wilcox, Waukesha, Wis.

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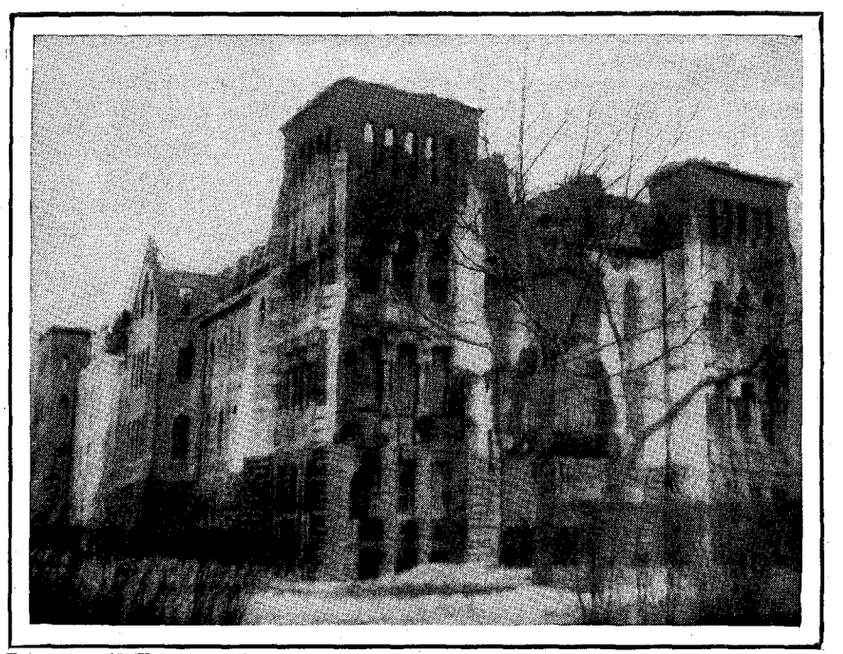
was not established was that the small nations feared the preponderant power of the big nations in the selection of the judges. It was not until after the World War that this fear on the part of the small nations was overcome by leaving the selection of the judges to the Assembly and Council of the League of Nations. So the Permanent Court was established. Although the United States is not a party to the establishment of the Court, two eminent American jurists have been identified with the Court—Elihu Root in the draft of the statute establishing it and John Bassett Moore as a member of the Court selected by Belgium.

HOW OBJECTIONS MAY BE MET

OPPOSITION to the President's proposal seems to be based on two grounds. The first is that we should not become in any way entangled with the League of Nations, and especially should not attach ourselves to a creature of the League. The second is that the joining of this Court involves a promise to share the expenses of the Court, and that would mean the sacrifice of a prerogative of Congress, in fact, its chief prerogative—the exclusive power to appropriate money. Mr. Hughes believes that these objections can be met by adopting the reservations which he proposes. The first reservation declares that adhesion to the Court would not involve any legal relations on the part of the United States to the League of Nations or the assumption of any obligations to the League. The second reservation permits representatives of the United States to participate equally with others in the election of judges or deputy judges. The third expressly provides that the United States should pay a fair share of the expenses "as determined and appropriated from time to time by the Congress of the United States." The fourth provides that the statute for the Permanent Court should not be amended without the consent of the United States.

Our whole history commits us to the principle of leaving justiciable questions between nations to judicial procedure. A highly competent International Court for judicial proceedings has now been established. That Court exists apart from the League of Nations, and its scope is not limited to the members of the League. Adhering to that Court does not involve us in any other organization. The cost is absolutely negligible—a fraction of a cent per person of the population. The liberty of Congress in appropriating that fraction of a cent is fully safeguarded. We do not venture to hope that the Senate will have acted by the time this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers, but we do believe it can be reasonably expected that the Senate will ultimately approve this recommendation of the President and by its advice and consent authorize the adhesion of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice.



Fotograms, N. Y.

THE WARD'S ISLAND ASYLUM IN WHICH TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE PERISHED DURING A FIRE

A WARNING TO BE HEEDED

AFTER the first shock of horror at the loss of life in the recent Ward's Island fire in New York City, and after the natural feeling of deep indignation that peculiarly helpless men and women who are under the care and control of the people of New York should meet such a fate, the next thought of the good citizen is to ask: Might this calamity have been avoided? Are other public hospitals and asylums in similar danger? What can and should be done to limit the possibilities of such frightful calamities?

We often say that it is easy to shut the stable door after the horse is stolen. It is also easy, and only too common, not to shut the door at all, but simply to talk about shutting it. In other words, when public excitement dies down and the duty of seeing that lives shall not be needlessly sacrificed falls back into the hands of boards and committees and civic officers, the object-lesson is forgotten and no thorough reform follows. Thus, if we remember rightly, after the so-called Triangle fire, in which a cause of the loss of life was the locking of doors which should have been open for escape, only a year passed before the proprietor of the same building was charged with doing precisely the same thing and escaped with the trivial fine of $25.

No doubt, however, the investigations which followed such disasters as the Triangle fire in New York and the burning of the Iroquois Theater in Chicago did lead to better plans of inspection and the providing of more safety appliances and insistence upon proper conditions of building.

In the Ward's Island fire twenty-five persons were burned to death; they were either insane patients or their guardians. The Manhattan State Hospital, in which they perished, was fifty years old, was terribly overcrowded, and was ill protected, for the island had a pitifully inadequate fire department of its own, and to bring help from across the river was a slow and difficult procedure.

How many buildings like this one still exist in New York State or in other States? Inadequate asylums and hospitals cannot be replaced in a minute, but certainly it is the prime duty of the State authorities, not merely to know what is needed, not merely to make perfunctory requests to the Legislature or to the city Board of Estimate, but to urge the cause of humanity and safety upon the people at large and not to rest until results are obtained. Let our authorities fight for this reform with the same vigor and positiveness that Governor Pinchot is showing in his campaign for reform all along the line in

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Pennsylvania, and the public conscience can at least rest easier than it ought to now.

CENTRAL AMERICA FORBIDS REVOLUTIONS

REVOLUTIONS have been relegated to the past in Central America, as far as that is possible through treaty arrangements, as a result of the Conference on Central American Affairs which lately came to its conclusion in Washington. As we stated recently, twelve treaties and conventions and three protocols were signed, but the one of outstanding significance was the general treaty of peace and amity, in which the five signatory nations solemnly declare that their first duty in their mutual relations is "the maintenance of peace."

The name of Central America for more than fifty years past has been almost synonymous with revolution, so frequently have these unfortunate political disturbances been "staged" in one or another of the little republics lying between Mexico and Panama. As a result the economic development of their rich natural resources has been retarded. Now, by treaty, they have pledged themselves to use all the means at their command to prevent revolutions. Furthermore, if any Central American government comes into power "through a *coup d'état* or a revolution against a recognized government" they will not recognize it "so long as the freely elected representatives of the people thereof have not constitutionally reorganized the country." And even in that case, their treaty provides, they will not acknowledge the recognition if the person elected president, vice-president, or chief of state has been a leader or one of the leaders in the revolution.

Most of the Central American revolutions have broken from "across the border" in a neighboring republic, often with the knowledge of the latter; and so it is agreed to check such "revolutionary activities against a recognized government of any other Central American republic." Furthermore, these republics agree not to intervene in the internal political affairs of one another, and in case of civil war not to intervene in favor of or against the government of another republic. In addition, they obligate themselves not to enter into secret treaties with one another.

Several of the other treaties signed at Washington this month also look to the maintenance of peace in Central America. One of these limits the size of their armies, from a minimum of 2,000 in Costa Rica to a maximum of 5,200 in Guatemala. In addition, machinery was provided for the settlement through peaceful means of all controversies which may arise among the five republics. One convention establishes commissions of inquiry which through investigation of facts will seek to settle differences which cannot be resolved directly by the countries in dispute. Through another treaty there is set up an International Central American Tribunal, to which shall be submitted all controversies which it is not found possible to solve by other means; and the decisions of this court of arbitration shall be final and binding.

Thus there will have been provided, as soon as the treaties are ratified by the respective governments, the solid basis for lasting peace in Central America.

THE POLISH-LITHUANIAN SEMI-WAR

ALL the inflammable materials for another general European conflagration are discernible in the recent flare-up between Lithuania and Poland. After Russian Soviet troops withdrew from Poland in 1920 a commission of the League of Nations mapped out a neutral zone 135 miles long and from 1½ to 11 miles wide between the Vilna region of Poland and Lithuania to prevent friction between the two countries. Part of this zone was recently awarded by the League to Poland, and part to Lithuania. The Polish Government accepted the award, but the Lithuanians declared that if Poland attempted to occupy any of the territory Lithuania would oppose such occupation by force. This she did when the forces of the two countries, under the authority conferred by the League, entered the neutral zone on February 15.

Ever since General Zelgowski, of Poland, seized Vilna, the ancient capital of Lithuania, as d'Annunzio seized Fiume, there has been trouble between the two countries, notwithstanding repeated efforts by the League of Nations to effect a reconciliation. Encouraged by the examples set by d'Annunzio and Zelgowski, and strongly desiring Memel as a natural outlet to the Baltic, Lithuanian irregular forces last January seized the Memel district. The League since has awarded it to Lithuania.

Still further encouraged, apparently, by their success at Memel, Lithuanians appear to have defied the edict of the League by resisting the occupation of the Polish portion of the neutral zone. And, oddly enough, after having refused to accept the League's decision, Lithuania appealed to the League to prevent war.

Whether Lithuania is a political pawn of Soviet Russia in the present crisis is not definitely known, but Russia has offered both Lithuania and Poland "friendly assistance" in settling the dispute over the neutral zone. The Soviet Government is said to feel nervous because the railway between Kovno, Lithuania's present seat of government, and Vilna is in Polish hands.

With the Soviet Government taking an interest in the Polish-Lithuanian dispute, France finds it convenient to loan Poland 400,000,000 francs "for the purpose of improving Poland's financial and economic situation." This sum, it is expected, will be spent mainly in France for munitions of war.

While such a loan was negotiated some two years ago, when Poland was threatened with a Russian invasion, the fact that it has only recently been made is significant, coming as it does soon after French occupation of the Ruhr. The loan to Poland is a warning to Germany that Poland, with an army of half a million men, is not to be overlooked in the event of Russo-German co-operation, for Poland is in such a position that vigorous action is possible against either Germany or Russia—or both.

A FRENCH STATESMAN

THÉOPHILE DELCASSÉ, who died in Nice on February 21 in his seventy-first year, was twice Foreign Minister of France. The great service that he did to his country was not fully recognizable at the time, but as years have passed and war has come and gone, Frenchmen have continuously and more and more acutely recognized the broad-minded diplomacy which ultimately put France, England, and Russia together against German aggression with its ambition for world domination.

What Delcassé did was to turn the Fashoda incident, which at first threatened to evoke enmity between France and Great Britain, into an opportunity for establishing permanent friendly relations between the two countries. The Fashoda affair was in its extent trivial, but in its possibilities for mischief was dangerous. There was still lingering in the peoples of France and England smoldering embers of the hostility that sprang from the wars of Napoleon, and back of that to the time of Joan of Arc, and back again to the time of the Black Prince. If one should now look over the bound volumes of London "Punch" or of the French "Figaro" in the time of Delcassé's Ministry, he would find a great deal of the same spirit which "Punch" humorously recognized in its picture of the navvy who says to his companion, "Oo's that?" "'E's a blarsted foreigner!" "Then throw 'arf a brick at

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International

A GERMAN CUSTOMS OFFICIAL ARRESTED BY THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES

Throughout the occupied area the French have assumed control of the customs, replacing the German officials with French

'im." That old attitude had pretty well disappeared by the time of the Great War. Every friend of the two countries hopes that recent events may not revive it.

Delcassé served in five successive Cabinets and was twice Minister of Foreign Affairs. He made possible the *entente cordiale*, and although not its sole advocate was at least its most active advocate. He also, as some one has expressed it, "pried Italy apart from the Central Powers." The first was made possible by agreements as to North Africa for the delimitation of spheres of influence to be controlled respectively by England and France; the second, by negotiating a reasonable tariff between France and Italy, which long fought one another futilely for schedules and rates. Delcassé had what was really a high honor in that the Kaiser hated him, plotted against him, and succeeded in getting him driven from power in France. In a way, Delcassé was really sacrificed by France because he would not agree to the injustice that was done to his own country when France (not then able or ready to fight Germany) yielded to the Kaiser's demands for a one-sided settlement of the Moroccan question. When the World War began, it was a just recognition of the past that Delcassé should again be made Foreign Minister.

That Delcassé was a far-sighted and thoughtful student of foreign affairs is shown by his belief that France, Russia, and England could be brought together in a rather loose understanding that each would come to the assistance of the others if Germany and her vassal allies tried to overthrow any one of the trio.

THE PRESSURE UPON GERMANY TO PAY

GRADUALLY and systematically, France has tightened her hold upon the Ruhr. She has now gained such control over the railways that she is arranging to transfer them from military to civil control. One advantage of this will be that the cost of operating the railways will then come as a charge against Germany. In some cases the French and Belgian authorities have found it necessary to remove local municipal officials because of their resistance. It is becoming increasingly clear to those who at first imagined the French would find their task too much for them that the French occupation is proceeding systematically and effectively—entirely too effectively to suit the German Government and those who sympathize with the German Government's efforts to escape making proper restitution for Germany's outrages. Now the ground of opposition to France is shifting. At first it was based on the idea that the French effort was going to be unproductive and needlessly provocative. Now it is based on the idea that it is going to be too productive. At first the critics of France said what France really should have is security, and it is idle for her to seek reparation. Now they charge France with abandoning the idea of reparations and intending to render Germany helpless, and therefore incapable of renewing her aggression in the future. Curiously, those who protest against this method of rendering Germany helpless seem to fear that the outcome will be another war between Germany and France. Such information as is ascertainable through the despatches, however, seems to indicate that the occupation is proceeding much as the French expected. It is certainly interfering seriously with the development of the huge industrial machines which German captains of industry have been building.

THE INCOMPETENT SENATE

SENILITY and Senate come from the same root. Literally, a senate is a council of old men, and the name has been applied to many of the higher deliberative bodies in government because it has been traditionally recognized that with age comes experience, and with experience self-command, and with self-command authority. But when age impairs power, enfeebles the intellect, and saps the will, though it may invite pity, and even a compassionate respect, it loses authority and leadership. So to-day the control of the Government in Japan has passed from the impotent hands of the Elder Statesmen. So likewise there has been a steady decline in popular respect for the United States Senate.

This is not because the Senate is composed of men who are individually senile. It is because as a body it itself is showing signs of the infirmity of age. It seems unable to adapt itself to changing circumstance. With the growth of the duties of the Federal Government the Senate has remained much as it was in its earlier days. Once on a time, when the functions of the Federal Government were very limited and the population of the country was small and the society which it served offered few problems of great complexity, there was leisure for long debate and easy-going methods. Now, however, with a more complex society, a greater population, and an incomparably more diverse body of public interests to serve, the Senate with the rigidity of decrepitude holds to its old-time methods. Whether it is, as it has been called, "the greatest deliberative body in the world" or not, it is certainly the most deliberative.

Twice within the past few months it has, to its shame, displayed its impotence. Last fall it proved itself unable to come to a vote upon the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill. Now it has proved itself unable to come to a vote upon the Ship Subsidy Bill. In each case a minority

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of the Senate was able to paralyze the Senate's legislative function until the majority yielded. In neither case was there the pretense that the inaction was due to a demand for a complete and conclusive debate upon the subject of the proposed legislation. The methods employed for bringing upon the Senate these strokes of paralysis are exemplified in proceedings of February 20. While the Merchant Marine Bill was before the Senate Mr. Sheppard, of Texas, addressed the Chair upon the subject, not of the merchant marine, but of the work of the League of Nations, which had nothing to do with the business before the Senate. Nothing could stop the Texan Senator, though he yielded the floor from time to time as occasion offered, undoubtedly grateful for the breathing spells. At five minutes past six o'clock, the Senate having been in session seven hours with nothing said upon the bill before the Senate, Mr. Heflin, of Alabama, suggested the absence of a quorum. The roll was called. Senators flocked in from the cloak-room and answered to their names in the usual leisurely fashion. Then Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, proceeded with a defense of the Senate's senility. He justified filibustering on two grounds, fortunately for his purpose exemplified in the two cases during the past session. He justified filibustering, first as a method of protecting State's rights, and, second, as a method of thwarting an accidental majority in Congress which did not represent a majority of the voters. He thus helped to take up some of the time without discussing the bill before the Senate. After some routine matters, and a further discussion which carefully avoided the subject on hand, Mr. Reed, of Missouri, made a long speech on the purely academic proposition that Great Britain cede some or all of its possessions in the West Indies to the United States. During this speech there were several suggestions of the absence of a quorum, in each case requiring the usual roll-call and several obviously obstructive parliamentary motions, each of which also required the usual roll-call. The Senate finally, out of regard for "some of the older Senators," as Senator Jones frankly stated, adjourned at twenty minutes before midnight, having wasted its own time and the country's time for over twelve hours. In this exhibition of senile decay in one of its National legislative chambers the country cannot take pride.

If, as Senator Williams said, one of the measures against which the filibuster was invoked invaded the rights of the individual States, the Nation had the Supreme Court at hand to prevent the invasion. If, as Senator Williams said, the other measure against which the filibuster was invoked contravened the majority will of the people, the Congress, including the Senate, has long had the remedy at hand and has never used it, for it long ago could have changed the date of the first session of a newly elected Congress from December to the preceding January, and thus made Congress representative of the will expressed in that election. Furthermore, Senator Williams and those who agree with him are really invoking as a defense for this defiance of a majority only their own arbitrary opinions. The view that the Anti-Lynching Bill did not invade the right of any State and the view that the Ship Subsidy measure represents a true majority opinion in the country are as valid as the contrary views of the filibusters.

If the Senate does not wish to sink further in public esteem, it must revise its rules so as to enable itself to repulse these paralyzing attacks. Even more humiliating than these filibusters was the filibuster that occurred six years ago as this Nation was approaching its entrance into the World War. Then a little group of Senators prevented this great Nation from arming its merchant ships against the murderous attack of German submarines. Stung into some kind of action by the degradation of being contemptuously defied first by Germany and then by its own minority, the Senate, upon reassembling in special session in March, 1917, passed a closure rule. This provides that sixteen Senators may make a motion to close a debate upon any pending measure; that such motion shall be stated at once to the Senate; and that a vote shall be taken thereon on the second day after the motion is made. If the motion is carried, each Senator may speak not more than one hour on the bill thereafter. As there are ninety-six Senators, it is conceivable that there might be ninety-six hours of debate, or eight consecutive twelve-hour days. But even this motion to limit the debate to practically a week can be carried only by a two-thirds majority. In the case of the Ship Subsidy filibuster this rule tied the hands of the majority; for that majority was not as much as two to one.

It is not merely the defeat of measures which the majority would put through if permitted that forms the scandal; it is the obstruction of the legislative process in the Senate to such an extent that legislative jams are formed which inevitably cause unseemly haste at the end of a session, with consequent loss of needed legislation or the passage of unneeded legislation. Moreover, it is not merely the filibuster that is employed which does the whole injury, but the filibuster which stands like the rifle behind the door, ready to be picked up as a threat, that renders the Senate inert when it ought to act.

American public opinion should insist that the Senate free itself of its own chains, and rejuvenate itself.

THE RELIGION OF PLAY

CONCERNING the play of children Walter Wood has truly said: "Children love play as all young beings love life, because life is play. The child's life is one of physical, mental, and moral development. Development means self-expression, self-expression means activity, and activity means play. Children do not play deliberately from ulterior motives; with them it is play for play's sake; play is life, they live to play; they are children because they play."

The habit and spirit of play may be carried over into adulthood. Play is antithetic to agedness. Groos avers that children are young because they play, and not *vice versa*, and Stanley Hall adds: "Men grow old because they stop playing, and not conversely, for play is, at bottom, growth, and at the top of the intellectual scale it is the type of research from sheer love of truth."

Another psychologist, Watson, has commented on play in connection with the mental non-plasticity which is supposed to go with old age. He believes that the notion is completely unfounded, and that stagnation of mental growth in middle or later age is due to our acceptance, much too readily, of that supposition and of other conventions. Play is a powerful solvent of the mental "set." "Fortunately, modern times show," says Watson, "a rather pronounced move in the right direction. This is shown in the tendency of the middle-aged to learn the modern dances, to drive their own cars, to play golf, and, in general, to add other strings to their bows. . . . Such revolts against a playless and stereotyped old age ought to be encouraged."

Play is antithetic to materialism. Play has much in common with art and with the motives of artistic production. The earliest forms of self-expression were probably music and dancing, growing out of playful experimentation and practice in the childhood of the race. It has been said that art—music, painting, sculpture, drama—is a form of play; creation and re-creation in a spirit of joy and freedom. What is it that Bergson says? "We are free when our acts proceed from our entire personality, when they express it, when they exhibit that indefinable resemblance to it which

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we find occasionally between the artist and his work."

Art is play, and play is the art of life—the joy of living, the pleasure of doing, the love of striving, the pursuit of the ideal, a partial fulfillment on earth of the happy artists where—

> . . . only the Master shall praise us,
> and only the Master shall blame;
> And no one shall work for money,
> and no one shall work for fame;
> But each for the joy of the working,
> and each, in his separate star,
> Shall draw the Thing as he sees It,
> for the God of Things as They Are.

Play is freedom in the bonds of life. It is what one does apart from the compulsions and restraints imposed by persons or circumstances—what one does in obedience to the self-finding and self-developing push within one's self. As the child grows up into manhood he does not become his own master, though we usually look at it in that way; the process is quite the reverse, for he ceases to be his own master. He becomes slave to the tasks and responsibilities of adulthood, social and economic; and there is some virtue in that, but he needs the feeling of freedom, the youthful spirit of play. If when he becomes a man his work is interesting work, it is play to that extent; it answers to his need of self-expression and self-expansion. If it serves only ulterior ends, it is work, and may be drudgery. Play in such case is relaxation, relief from toil, escape from monotony, establishment of balance. Play in childhood is self-creation; in adulthood it may still be self-creation, but often it is self-renewal. It preserves the enthusiasm and spontaneity of life. One plays or becomes either sour or stale.

The religion of Christ is not a religion of escape, but a religion of growth, a religion of an ever truer and more abundant life. It is a religion of joy, and "the end of it all," in the words of Principal Jacks, "is a resurrection and not a burial, a festival and not a funeral, an ascent into the heights and not a lingering in the depths." "Nowhere else," he says, "is the genius of the Christian religion so poignantly revealed as in the parable of the prodigal son, which begins in the minor key and gradually rises to the major, until it culminates in a great merry-making, to the surprise of the elder son, who thinks the majesty of the moral law will be compromised by the music and dancing, and has to be reminded that these joyous sounds are the keynotes of the spiritual world."

One may think of the kingdom of heaven as a kingdom of play—a place of growth, of self-finding, of truth-finding; a place of freedom from agedness and materialism. Did not the Christ say, "Suffer little children . . . to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven"? Did he not say that the kingdom of heaven is not for those who, grown old and playless, are bound and deluded by appearances and possessions? The life and the spirit of play are inseparable from the very concept of childhood; play is the way of growth, of freedom, of truth, the way of evolution, and the symbol, mayhap the source, of happiness beyond the grave. God wants us to play.

CAN DIVORCE BE STABILIZED?

IT is probable that the bill seeking to stabilize Nationally the law of divorce, introduced in the United States Senate by ex-Governor Capper, of Kansas, may be revived at the next session of Congress. At all events, it has had one good effect in calling attention to the evils of the forty-eight systems of divorce laws now prevailing.

A decision of the United States Supreme Court in 1906 did away with the former deplorable condition which allowed the States whose divorce laws were laxest to destroy in other States safeguards which those States had placed about marriage rights. But, if we may judge by facts now brought out in the discussion of the Capper Bill, the situation is still extremely unsatisfactory. Nor has the attempt to enact uniform divorce laws in the States any present chance of success, if we may judge by the almost amusing historical fact that a uniform divorce law was framed and offered to State Legislatures in 1909 and that now, fourteen years later, just three have accepted it—so that three States are uniform and forty-five are un-uniform.

One wonders whether the proponents of the Capper Bill believe that it will pass the Supreme Court. The general impression has been that the matter of divorce, under the United States Constitution, was in the hands of the individual States, so that the only way to National control was through amending the Constitution. The Capper Bill lays stress on its purpose to stabilize, but the things it attempts to do are certainly mandatory rather than advisory. Thus it lays down limitations and prohibitions both as to marriage and divorce, many of which are commendable, while about others difference of view may properly obtain. It selects and names five grounds upon which only may divorce be obtained—namely, infidelity, physical and mental cruelty, abandonment or failure to provide for one year or more, incurable insanity, and the commission of a felony. The bill is not only explicit but detailed in its directions as to the procedure in divorce and as to the guardianship of the children.

If such a general Amendment to the Constitution were to be adopted as many have advocated as desirable in connection with the attempt to amend the Child Labor Law—that is, one which should give Congress power to legislate for the whole country in matters where protective welfare is needed on a National scale—the question of the constitutionality of a Federal divorce law would be solved.

At present there is little probability that the evils of divorce will be met either by National legislation or by uniform State laws. The latter plan has been tried without success in the child labor matter; it is even less likely to succeed in the matter of divorce, and for the very good reason that there may be just and right considerations that would make some restrictions on divorce desirable in one place and others desirable in another place.

But what we had in view here was not to discuss the Capper Bill or the principles of divorce legislation in detail. It was rather to point out some of the present conditions. Many of the facts are graphically presented in a series of articles by Ishbel Ross which have been running in the New York "Tribune." It appears that one in every eight marriages in this country ends in divorce; that in the first twenty years of the present century there have been over eighteen hundred thousand divorces and that a little over five million persons have had an interest in these divorce cases as plaintiffs, defendants, or children involved. This our writer calls the "total damaged goods of the divorce courts."

The discrepancies between the laws of the different States are extreme. One State stands far apart by itself—South Carolina, which does not have divorce laws and vows and affirms that it never will. In contrast with this, we may remember that Nevada has been charged, whether justly or unjustly, with arranging its divorce laws so as to increase the number of its temporary residents. Between these extremes, the writer in the "Tribune" says, the laws range as to grounds for divorce "all the way from unfaithfulness to bad temper; there is no standard or common meeting-ground anywhere." Thus a divorce granted in one State may still be in certain ways illegal in another, and the writer avows that it is possible for a man to be married in New York State, unmarried when he is in New Jersey, and a bigamist when he is in Connecticut. An-

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other significant fact is that from eighty to ninety per cent of decrees of divorces are granted by default—that is, without defense of any kind.

The marriage laws are in some places as bad as the divorce laws. Mr. Ross finds the almost unbelievable fact that in nineteen States there is no prohibition of the marriage of feeble-minded persons; that even where prohibition of this does exist, as a rule the feeble-minded man or woman can swear that he or she is not feeble-minded, and that settles it. Add to this that thirteen thousand girls of fifteen years of age are married women, and that the legal marriage age for girls in some States is twelve years, while seventeen States have no minority age limit, and it is pretty clear that State Legislatures and social reform societies and churches have plenty of room for agitation.

It is easier to point out wrong conditions than to propose adequate remedies. Ultimately the reform and reasonable standardizing of marriage and divorce must come from within the heart and conscience of the people of the country, whether they are made law by town or State or Nation.

LO! THE POOR ARMENIAN

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

OF all the subjects before the Lausanne Conference — boundaries, debts, war damages, freedom of the Straits, Capitulations, Minorities—the last named fared worst. And of all the minority populations under Turkish domination, the Armenians fared worst.

Other minority populations—Greeks, Syrians, Bulgars—can go to Greece, Syria, Bulgaria. Not so the Armenian refugee.

Where shall he go? His home for twenty-five centuries in eastern Asia Minor, near Mount Ararat, is his no longer. The ruthless Turk has taken it from him, and the Turk owns the country, anyway. He will be chary about returning any of it; he needs it for strategic Turkification in view of an expected move eastward.

Shall the Armenian refugee seek a national home in Little Armenia (Cilicia)? Not so. The Turks need that too. But had the Allies, last December, followed the suggestion of the friends of Armenia at Lausanne, the Armenian refugee might possibly have had a different destiny. That suggestion was that a national Armenian home, protected by the Powers, in Asia Minor be made one of the conditions of any loan the Turks might seek from any Western Power. Such a proposal would have had, I think, an influence on the Turks.

Shall the Armenian refugee, then, go beyond the borders of Asia Minor into Russian Armenia—the Republic of Erivan—and seek a home there? A thousand Armenian refugees may possibly find what they need, but any more would certainly have hard work in their search, because the scantily arable land is already peopled by 1,200,000 Armenians and irrigation is absolutely necessary to provide new land if there are to be newcomers.

Shall the Armenian refugee, then, seek a home in the region between the Erivan Republic and the Black Sea or in the region between that Republic and the Caspian Sea?

As to the first, Russia abandoned it to the Turks and the Armenians were forced to give assent. Yet, despite the change of overlord, some Armenians are still hoping, even because of the Turko-Bolshevist entente, to be allowed again to take up some of that region about Kars and Surmala.

With regard to the other region toward the Caspian, as well as with regard to this, the Armenians do not forget that they were represented at the recent Moscow Conference of Soviet states called to delimit the frontiers of all those states. The boundary delimitation of the three Caucasian republics (Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan), however, was postponed, because the present density of the Erivan Republic's population made an extension of Armenian frontiers most desirable. Hundreds of thousands of Armenian refugees are waiting in Asia Minor for the extension of those frontiers in Russia.

Especially in the region towards the Caspian Sea the Armenian may be caught between the upper and the nether millstone. In the event of an insurrection at Moscow, and the consequent weakening of Russian power in the Transcaucasus, Turkey would doubtless seize the opportunity of extending its frontiers to those of the Azerbaijan Republic, Tartar in race and Turkish in language, but under Bolshevist control. This plan has long been cherished by Pan-Turanians.

A review of all these regions, however, does not exhaust the possibilities to the Armenian refugee. There remains southern Russia proper. Already Armenians have established settlements here and there in the region north of the Black Sea, and, despite the murky cloud of Bolshevism, the economic success of these settlements has actually been sufficient to indicate what Armenian self-respect, shrewdness, and energy can do when given a chance.

Watching this development, the Moscow Government—not improbably at Turkish suggestion as well—has now formally offered the opportunity for the establishment of an Armenian home in the Kuban region, not far from the river Don and the Ukrainian border. This country is also the home of the Don Cossacks, and that might mean turbulent neighbors for the Armenians.

The Rev. Dr. George R. Montgomery, head of the America-Armenia Society, was the chief protagonist for the Armenians at Lausanne. He comes of a missionary family; he was born near Marash, in Cilicia. By birth, breeding, and environment he has had an unrivaled opportunity of understanding and appreciating the Armenian situation; certainly he has more first-hand knowledge of the subject than has any man I know. I asked Dr. Montgomery how many Armenians might be settled on the strip of Kuban territory proposed. He replied, "I should say about 250,000." But he added immediately: "I do not know whether so many Armenians could be persuaded to emigrate, even if a large number have already pushed through to southern Russia and settled there."

A main reason for unwillingness to emigrate would be that most of the refugees are too poor to pay for transportation. The Moscow Government, in offering land, does not offer transportation. It has no money, it announces, to pay the refugees' traveling expenses. Such funds must come from the Powers.

Perhaps they will. No one wants the refugees to starve or be without homes. I say "no one," though recent history would indicate that the Turks do. At all events, one would think that the intelligence of the Entente Allies might have suggested some better plan.

But they have not. Georges Tchitcherin, chief representative here of governmental, social, economic, and religious blasphemy, and the Moscow Government's agent in its offer to the Armenians, stands out at Lausanne as the one practical friend of humanity. He, at least, has offered something positive to homeless and starving refugees.

His offer does save life—for the moment, anyway—just as, two years ago, when, at the end of its pitiful resources, the exhausted Erivan Republic surrendered to the Bolsheviki. The Armenians not only saved their lives then. They have kept them since. As opposed to Armenian massacres on the Turkish side of the border, there have been none on the Russian side.

As any intending settlers in Russia must take the oath of allegiance to the Soviet Government, the Armenian refugees will be no exception. Yet it will make many of them heartsick to do this. There's the "hic," the Lausannois say—there's the rub.

Lausanne, January 31, 1923.

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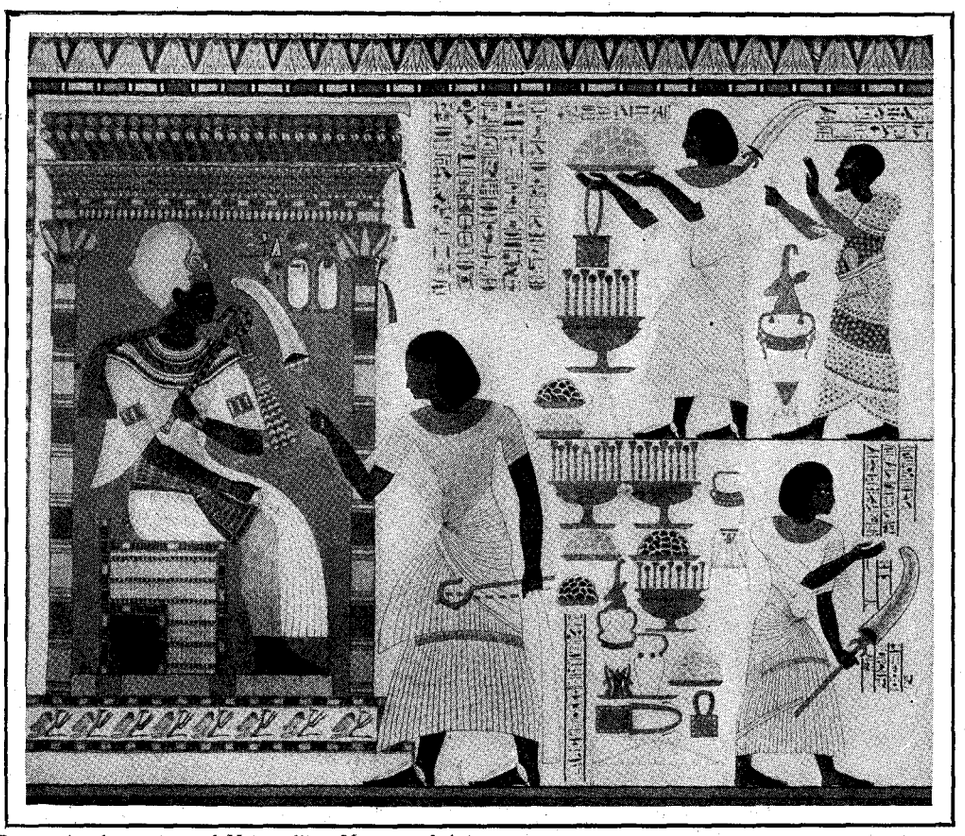
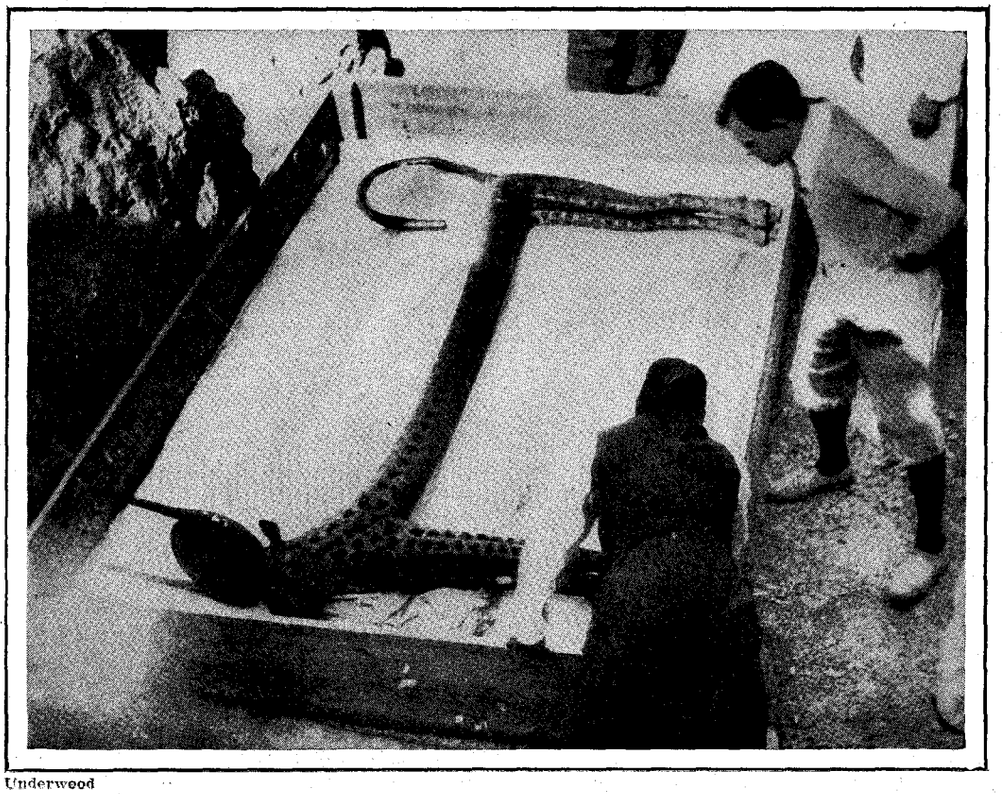


International, courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

KING TUTANKHAMEN ON HIS THRONE RECEIVING TRIBUTE

Decoration on the walls of the tomb of Huy, who was Viceroy of Ethiopia for Tutankhamen. The sovereign is seated on his throne at the left. Huy, standing before the King, is accompanied by vassals from Ethiopia who are bearing gifts for the King



Underwood

REMOVING A SYMBOLICAL COW FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

Carefully placed in a padded box, one of the two "cows" which supported a huge couch found in the Pharaoh's tomb is here seen as it was being removed. The elaborately ornamented head is emblematic of Hathor, the cow-goddess

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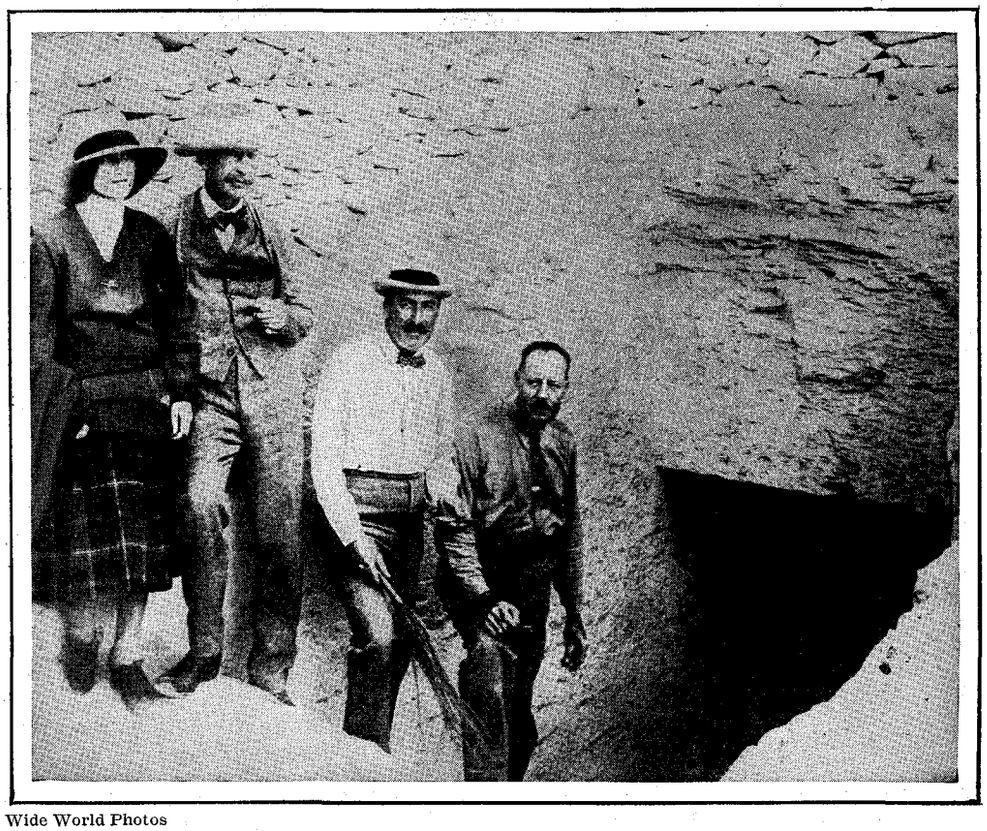
FACE, YE MIGHTY . . .”

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE DISCOVERIES AT LUXOR

Lord Carnarvon, head of the archæological expedition to the Valley of the Kings, is at the right, next to Lady Evelyn Herbert, while Mr. Howard Carter, prominently associated with Lord Carnarvon in the great discoveries, is the next figure (pen in left hand). Mr. B. Callender is at the right



Wide World Photos

(C) Keystone

TOURISTS VISITING KING TUT-ANKHAMEN'S TOMB

Here is a group of amateur photographers at the famous tomb, trying to get “shots” at the treasures as they are being removed

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BROTHER

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

ON Saturday Wallace Keim awoke at five o'clock and rose at once. It was a beautiful June morning, and he was at peace with the world. Recently, during a period of several months, he had wakened with a slight sensation of uneasiness and fear, but this morning he remembered nothing unpleasant. He was by nature easy-going, performing with pleasure his daily task, that of the delivery of mail through a rural section, and doing without protest the bidding of his three sisters—Angelina, Mysie, and Lib whose real name was Liberty—who composed his family. His sisters were all of heroic size and dark, rather forbidding aspect, and he was a little man with pale-blue eyes and a bald head. They called him "Brother," as they had when they were children, and treated him like a child, although the house belonged to him and he paid the running expenses, allowing them to save all they earned by sewing for the shirt factory and by selling produce from their garden. They did not always agree, but he took no part in their quarrels. They had in common an ardent passion for cleanliness and order, with the free exercise of which he did not interfere.

Wallace too had an interest which was keen enough to be called a passion. This was his collection of minerals, which he stored on tables and shelves in the room above his bedroom. He had samples of all the local minerals and many others and a few treasured reference books. He prided himself upon his ability to identify specimens by means of their crystallization and other qualities. The mere thought of his museum, as he called it to himself, gave him pleasure; he meditated upon it as he drove about the country, and he thought of it the last thing before he went to sleep.

Rising, he laid the bed-clothing neatly back and dressed quickly. When he opened the door of his small hall bedroom, he heard the familiar sounds of violent activity below stairs, and he glanced over his shoulder involuntarily to be sure that he had left none of his possessions scattered about. As he approached the back stairs he passed three large, handsome bedrooms in which the beds were covered with embroidered counterpanes and shams for pillows and bolsters. Heavy carpets were tacked solidly from baseboard to baseboard, embroidered towels hung on the racks of the wash-stands, and cologne in glass flasks matched in color the ribbons on the pincushions. One could not think of these rooms as occupied by human beings, and in truth they were not. They were show rooms, though it was not likely that any one would see them until the funeral of one of the Keims. The three sisters slept over the kitchen and under a low roof. Sometimes in summer Wallace looked with longing at the airy unoccupied rooms, but he would no more have moved into them than a postillion would have appropriated a bedroom in the royal suite. He had never had a large bed; as a child he had slept in a trundle-bed, and since that for thirty years on a cot.

Though Wallace's round face was as yet unwashed, he did not stop at the door of the bathroom. In a cupboard beside the water-trough at the barn were a towel and a bar of home-made soap. It was here that Wallace performed his morning ablutions. Angelina and Mysie and Lib performed theirs in the wash-house.

Angelina and Mysie and Lib had been at work for an hour. Angelina was scrubbing the wash-house floor, Mysie was in the garden, Lib in the kitchen. They were habited in khaki, their hair was brushed smoothly back under dust-caps made of dark blue calico, the fire of energy was in each eye. Angelina was fifty and the oldest, but she still possessed the vigor of her youth. Mysie was the tallest—she lifted her hoe about sixty times to the minute. Lib slammed the oven door so that the house shook—she had the hottest temper. As they worked they talked loudly. Between them and the first house there was a small orchard of old apple trees, and they were able to converse from barn to house and from wash-house to garden unheard by neighbors—at least they fancied themselves unheard.

As he entered the kitchen Wallace heard a loud declaration.

"I've made up my mind, and nothing's going to stop me," announced Lib.

Deep in his soul Wallace smiled. Lib often amused him. He was so used to these declarations that he did not even wonder as to what Lib had made up her mind.

"You'd better look out," said Angelina from the wash-house. It would have seemed to any one but Wallace that she was warning Lib. But Wallace was unsuspicious. He uttered an unanswered "Good-morning" and went his way through the pleasant yard to the barn. In the yard Mysie answered him. She had perhaps the most amiable disposition of the three.

Wallace groomed his horse and fed the chickens. The horse whinnied and held out her nose to be rubbed; the cat twined round Wallace's ankles. But Wallace was preoccupied with the thought of his minerals. He had long meant to change his system of labeling, adding the scientific to the common names, and he planned to begin the work on Sunday afternoon while his sisters attended a funeral. It was not that they interfered with him, but he liked occasionally to have the house to himself. As he groomed his horse and hitched her into the buggy, he pronounced aloud the names of his treasures.

"Iron pyrites," said he, "magnetite, Franklinite, bauxite," and so on and on, as though they were the words of a beloved poem.

The breakfast was substantial and good. In spite of their economical principles, the Keim sisters provided the best of fare. Their conversation was limited to a few short and positive statements.

"My cleaning 'll be done by seven," said Angelina.

"I'll get the hoeing done by eight," boasted Mysie.

"We ought to get ten dozen of bands and sleeves done to-day," said Angelina.

"I've got something else to do to-day," said Lib.

"You'd better look out," warned Angelina again. She looked at Wallace a little sharply. Angelina was old enough to remember their father, whom all his daughters resembled in appearance and disposition.

"I know what I'm doing," said Lib.

Something in Lib's tone quickened suddenly the tiny uneasiness in Wallace's heart, though it had no relation to his sisters. He did not enjoy the rest of his breakfast, and when he drove away toward the post office he almost collided with the gate.

At the post office he called himself sharply to account—he must not let a private worry affect his work for the Government. He was slow, but he was always accurate, and in spite of the brisker motions of his companions he was always the first to start on his route. He drove through the town toward the west and was soon in the country.

When he got out between the open fields and had nothing to do but let Sally take her way from letter-box to letter-box, he could no longer banish his anxiety, especially as he drew every moment nearer to the cause. He drove five miles out the Beaseley road, passed through three hamlets, then crossed to Milltown. On the crossroad, used by few persons besides himself, there was a lonely farm in which dwelt a pretty, plump woman, who kept house for an old uncle. Mrs. Bosum received a great deal of mail, and it was necessary for the carrier to stop every day. Her letters were not personal; they were catalogues and pamphlets and advertisements of all sorts. It seemed to Wallace on cold winter days when he would have been glad to cover the ground as quickly as possible that half the commercial houses in the United States offered Mrs. Bosum their wares. Every day of his life he had mail for Mrs. Bosum, and,

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what was worse, every day a word from Mrs. Bosum. He had a dreadful fear that she liked him—otherwise why should she hasten out with cold drinks in summer and hot in winter, none of which were good, and incessant though ever-rejected invitations to alight?

Some men would have been pleased with these attentions, but Wallace was not. He did not wish to change his single state, and he was terrified lest Mrs. Bosum should in some way compromise and capture him. His only hope of relief and safety was that Mrs. Bosum's uncle would die and she leave the lonely house, which she disliked.

As though she understood her master's hesitation, Sally went at a snail's pace down the road. But her slowness availed not at all. Mrs. Bosum could see the road from her kitchen windows, and she appeared at once, visible from a long distance in the bright pink which was her favorite color. She carried in her hands a pitcher and a glass and she waved the glass at Wallace. She did like him, there was no doubt about that; but she had liked many gentlemen in her time.

"We always have a warm spell like this in May, Mr. Keim," she called, shrilly. "And I'm always prepared."

Wallace swallowed the root-beer, though he hated sweet drinks. Sometimes he answered entirely with nods and pale smiles. He had a slight impediment in his speech, and Mrs. Bosum did not give him time to get under way.

"Th-thank you," said he.

"You're welcome," answered Mrs. Bosum. "I'm going to have a surprise for you on Monday, Mr. Keim. It *will* be a surprise."

Wallace meant to shake his head, but he was so frightened that he succeeded only in imparting a sort of quiver to his face.

"No, no," he contrived to say.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Bosum, playfully.

He was still trying to say "No, no," as he drove away. But he knew that protest was useless. If Mrs. Bosum intended to surprise him, surprise him she would. The joy of life was destroyed. His lunch, eaten as he rode along, was bitter, the air oppressive, and life a weariness.

On Saturday evening and through most of Saturday night he speculated about Mrs. Bosum's intentions. His sober mind pondered in vain during his waking hours, but when he slept he dreamed a dreadful explanation. He saw a banquet spread on Mrs. Bosum's lawn, a thousand guests, a minister who had wings and who, when he tried to escape, flew after him and brought him back. He woke in a sweat of fear.

On Sunday his courage revived. In the bright light of a sunny day it seemed impossible that any man should be married against his will. As afternoon approached he thought of his treasures in the third story and was consoled by the prospect of his pleasant task. He would let to-morrow's evil take care of itself.

When the door had closed behind his sisters, he climbed the stairs slowly, filling his pipe as he walked. No smoking was allowed in the house, but he meant to close the doors and open all the windows, and he believed that his transgression would remain undiscovered. He dropped a little tobacco on the stairs, and hastened to pick it up. He began to whistle. His repertoire of tunes was large, and among them "America," "Juniata," "Turkey in the Straw," and "Work, for the Night is Coming" were his favorites. These he whistled over and over.

The last step he took with a leap and opened the door into his treasure-house. In another establishment this room might have been called a den, but here were no informal titles. He shut his eyes in a childish fashion and opened them when he was well inside the door, so that he might see with a single glance his minerals, his books, and his labels ready to be attached.

"Work for the"—Wallace was whistling. But suddenly he stopped short.

Here were no tables, here no minerals, here no books. Here was no familiar thing. The room was carpeted with the unworn sections of one of the bedroom carpets. Wallace realized that the roses in the front room seemed to have taken on a more brilliant color, and he remembered a large bill which he had paid. The walls were papered, shelves and tables were gone. What the ultimate intention of his sisters was Wallace did not know. It might be that even furniture was not to gather dust in this especially holy place. The work had been done yesterday; the room still held the odors of strong soap and paperhanger's paste.

Wallace sat down on the upper step, his head in his hands. He did not dream that his collection could have been destroyed. It had some financial value, and his sisters would destroy nothing which would yield money. He wondered only where it could have been put, and he came, after anguished speculation, to a conclusion which a brighter mind would have reached in an instant. He guessed that they had put his collection in the barn. Leaving his pipe on the step, he went down past the immaculate bedrooms, through the lower hall, past the closed doors of parlor and sitting-room, through the sunny kitchen, into the pretty yard. By this time his knees were weak.

Sally neighed a welcome but he did not hear, the cat twined round his ankles but he did not heed. He opened the door into a little room, the storage place for the gardening tools which his sisters used with so much skill. There in a dirty wooden box in the corner was a heap of stones. Here stood his tables. Leaning against the wall were his shelves. For the first time in all his sober life Wallace said a dreadful word.

He said the word, however, only to himself, though he had supper as usual with Angelina and Mysie and Lib. He was too angry to speak; his rage was enormous but incoherent. It would take time to mold it into a missile which should punish and bring to repentance and warn. He swallowed his food with difficulty, his anger gathering in his throat.

It was not until he woke at four o'clock on Monday morning after a fitful sleep that he remembered Mrs. Bosum. Further sleep he knew was impossible, and he rose and laid back the covers of his bed and began to dress.

On Mondays Angelina and Lib and Mysie rose still earlier than on other days. Angelina was in the wash-house. Only such clothes as the Keims wore could have survived the rubbing which she gave them. Mysie was in the garden hoeing with her powerful strokes, Lib was slamming the oven door. As they worked they talked.

"Of course he was upstairs," said Lib. "Wasn't the door open and didn't I find his pipe on the stairs and dirty tobacco spilled everywhere?"

"Then I guess he don't care," said Angelina from the wash-house.

"I've got that pipe," said Mysie. "I'm going to bury it."

"Hush," said Lib. "He's up."

Wallace was not only up, he was down. He had not yet forged his anger into a devastating missile. He had never thought them cruel; he had believed their sharpness to be simply that characteristic of middle-aged ladies. Now their meanness sickened him. He went back and sat in his little room until he was called to breakfast. Another man would have remembered that the house was his and that he supported the family. But by this time he was thinking again of Mrs. Bosum and his dreadful dream.

At the post office he sorted his mail absently. The warm weather continued, and Sally shared his lassitude. Sometimes as he drove along he fanned himself with his hat, burning less, however, with outward than with inward heat. He forgot his outrageous sisters; their offense seemed small beside the danger from Mrs. Bosum. At her also he was furious—she had no right to annoy him. His dream seemed fantastic; he anticipated some more practical move on her part. Dear knows who might have seen him stopping day after day at her gate!

Presently a dreadful temptation came into his heart. A half-mile beyond the crossroad which passed Mrs. Bosum's house was a lane which would take him to the Milltown road. It was a wandering lane which would lengthen his journey by five miles and would make him late in all the rest of his deliveries; moreover, he would omit his collection at Mrs. Bosum's box. Both were grave faults and unthinkable. But as he approached the turn he grew more and more terrified. He saw Mrs. Bosum's round face and smiling green eyes and remembered her "surprise." Chills ran

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up and down his back. To-morrow he would have more courage. He would invent some explanation for the postmaster, and if he lost his position, then he would lose it, that was all. He had more than once thought that Mrs. Bosum might drive him out of it.

Amazed at the sharp jerk which forbade her the familiar turn to the left, Sally stopped short. Then Sally snorted. For the first time in fifteen years she felt a whip laid across her smooth white back. She broke into a gallop, which changed quickly into a walk when she realized that she had no choice.

Wallace drove along, his head bent, his heart throbbing. After all, he could not give up the work which he loved. Suppose he should meet an inspector, suppose he should be reported? At the first farmhouse he saw an old woman looking at him sharply from the porch and at the next an old man peering over a gate, his hand shading his eyes. In the Milltown road he breathed more freely, but he was soon disconcerted again. All the householders seemed to have come to the conclusion that he brought them mail.

"You're late!" called Mrs. Broadus, as he came into sight.

"Were you lost?" called Mrs. Kern.

"I'll report you!" threatened another woman, laughing.

Wallace hated them. Why did they not do their work instead of waiting to mock him? He was so nervous that his lips trembled. Suddenly he remembered that he had not eaten his lunch, and he got out his sandwiches.

It was four o'clock instead of three when he reached town, and five by the time he had finished his work at the office. For the last hour he had thought less of Mrs. Bosum and more of his sisters. The minerals were to be returned to their places—that he had determined. They would have to be returned to-night. He could not be happy with his minerals in the barn, nor could he have any respect for himself. A thousand slights which he had overlooked for the sake of peace recurred to him. He was conscious of his small size—that perhaps was the reason they had always browbeaten him. But they should do so no longer.

"It is my house," he said at last as he drove down the street. "All mine. I pay for everything. I won't stand it. I'll do something. I'll"—

Wallace stopped short, and so, in spite of her hunger and the nearness of her stable, as though she, too, were appalled, did Sally. They were passing the little orchard, and they could see the porch of the pleasant house. On the porch sat a stout little woman in a pink dress. It was Mrs. Bosum.

If Sally were appalled by the sight, she recovered more rapidly than her master. With a jerk she pulled the lines out of his hands and went through the gate and up the lane by the side of the house. Passing the porch, Wallace saw that Lib was sitting with Mrs. Bosum. The house was painted a light brown, and Lib in her working clothes was almost invisible against it. He saw her face for only an instant; there was upon it a strange expression.

As he passed the door of the kitchen he saw another tall figure.

"Wallace!" called a voice, and he looked back. In the voice, which was that of Mysie, there seemed also something strange and new. Moreover, she addressed him by his name, as though he had another character beside that of a brother.

"What is it?" said he.

"A lady came to see you."

In a dash Sally carried him on to the barn. In the doorway stood a tall figure.

"A woman is here," said Angelina. "She brought you a cake and a green-gooseberry pie. I asked her to supper. She evidently expected it."

Wallace sat motionless. No one had been invited to supper within his knowledge. Was he dreaming again or was his mind going?

"Well?" he said, vaguely.

Angelina's brown face grew pale. She was undoubtedly disturbed.

"You'd better wash up," she said, and went with her long stride into the house.

Wallace unhitched his horse and fed her, then he approached the water-trough. There he washed and dried his face and hands and washed and dried them again. He did not know what he was doing. Angelina called him twice before he went slowly toward the house.

The table was set in the kitchen. Round it the cloth stood out stiffly, upon it were a multitude of viands, beside it stood Mrs. Bosum in pink and the three Keims in khaki. There was a thick steak (no butcher cheated Angelina!) and hot biscuit (no baker could beat Lib) and asparagus (there were no gardeners anywhere to compare with the Keims). There were giant strawberries, sugared; in a deep bowl, there was a cherry pie and the green-gooseberry pie, there was cake of two kinds (Mrs. Bosum's spice cake and the Keims's angel cake), arranged alternately on a great platter.

"Good-evening," said Mrs. Bosum. "I said I was going to surprise you. I came to town to visit my aunt. I have surprised you, haven't I?"

"Yes," stammered Wallace. How outrageous of her to be so familiar!

"I thought I would like to know your family," said Mrs. Bosum.

"Sit down," said Angelina.

Angelina cut the steak. When there was a turkey or roast, it was she who carved. Mysie served the asparagus and Lib poured the coffee. Wallace was free to talk to Mrs. Bosum. But it was Mrs. Bosum alone who talked. Fear grew stronger and stronger in Wallace's heart. He dropped portions of food from his fork to his plate, his hand trembled so that he spilled drops of water and coffee on the clean cloth.

Mrs. Bosum talked and talked. She praised every mouthful, and she seemed able to satisfy her large appetite in spite of her loquacity. At her Wallace stared, unable to take his eyes away.

Then suddenly Wallace was startled. It seemed to him that Mrs. Bosum did not talk so fast. The size and the silence of Angelina and Mysie and Lib seemed to have a quieting effect upon her. Moreover, the appearance of her gifts made her a little uneasy. Beside Lib's pie her own looked flat and gray, and beside Lib's cake hers looked coarse-grained and queer. Her first marriage had given her one capable sister-in-law, whom she disliked; it began to seem very foolish to acquire three more. She too grew nervous, and her trembling hand, like Wallace's, shook crumbs upon the cloth. Wallace's poor heart leaped. Could it be that Mrs. Bosum was afraid of his sisters? If it had not been for his minerals, he could have felt at this moment a deep affection for Angelina and Mysie and Lib.

"I'll have to go right after supper," said Mrs. Bosum suddenly. "I don't know what my aunt will think!"

"Are you going to stay long?" asked Angelina.

"Till to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Bosum's eyes sought Wallace's and Wallace's sought Mrs. Bosum's. His sisters looked at both; they believed that, though it was against the law, Wallace was going to take Mrs. Bosum home in his buggy along with the mail. Upon their pale faces Wallace saw again the strange new expression which had puzzled him. It was that of a person threatened by some sudden, undreamed-of danger. A skidding automobile or a plunging airplane might thus terrify.

Wallace continued to gaze, his pale-blue eyes bright and round. His heart, which had merely leaped, began to dance. He saw that not only was Mrs. Bosum afraid of his sisters, but his sisters were afraid of Mrs. Bosum. He remembered again that house and yard and barn were his, and that they cherished as their life's blood all they were able to lay up against old age. Afraid, were they?

Wallace was filled with wicked glee. He began to talk glibly, praising Mrs. Bosum's pie. His sisters ceased to eat, ceased almost to breathe. He walked with Mrs. Bosum to the gate. His figure was straight, his step swaggering. Encouraged by this unexpected attention, Mrs. Bosum smiled at him and laid her hand on his arm.

"I wonder whether you could take a passenger home."

"No," said Wallace, firmly. "It's not allowed."

"Not even me?" said Mrs. Bosum, believing her heart was broken.

"No, sir," said Wallace, ungallantly. "Not even you."

The interview had to three pairs of peering eyes the look of a tender parting.

"Good heavens!" said Mysie.

Backing into the kitchen, the three sisters looked round. They loved even

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the boards upon which they set their roughly shod feet. They sat down round the littered table and began to talk. Wallace did not appear; they believed he had taken Mrs. Bosum to her aunt's. Twilight fell, but they sat on, their elbows on the table. Sometimes they were quiet, looking at each other with white faces. At other times their voices rent the air.

"But I said"—

"You didn't!"

"It was your fault!"

"It wasn't! You proposed it in the first place."

"Hush!"

They heard a step on the board-walk and a short, slender figure appeared in the doorway against the darkening sky.

"I had a pipe," said a quiet voice. "Does anybody know where it is?"

Mysie rose. She had not yet carried out her threat. She took the pipe from the high mantel, which even Angelina and Lib could not reach.

"Here it is," she said. "I found it somewhere."

Standing at the doorway, Wallace lit his pipe. The smoke drifted in a gray cloud across the kitchen. Wallace tossed the match into the yard.

"On Saturday I'm going to label my stones," he said, pleasantly.

Silence answered him.

"I just thought I'd tell you," he said.

Still none of his sisters had a word to say. The stones were nothing to them compared to a worse presence. But Wallace was not through. He still spoke with the utmost good nature. There was no spirit of retaliation in Wallace—all he asked was to live and let live.

"I'm going to give up the little hall room," he said. "It's too hot. Suppose one of you makes up the bed in the front room if it isn't made up already. But don't do it to-night if you're tired; do it to-morrow."

After a long moment Angelina found her voice.

"Not the big room?"

"Yes, if you girls don't want it. Why don't you move into the front of the house, too?"

When there was no answer, Wallace walked through the kitchen into the hall. His pipe left a trail of smoke and odor; his progress was that of a victor through a conquered land. The odor was not unpleasant against the heaviness of the closed front of the house.

Opening the door, he sat down on the front porch. He was happy, though trembling. After a long time he heard a strange bumping sound, as though objects were being carried up the distant back stairs. He felt suddenly a little weak as he sat rocking and smoking his pipe.

He heard after a while the opening of windows above his head and a few short sentences.

"These sheets are new!" wailed Mysie. "We have no old sheets for this large bed."

"And this carpet is new," wept Lib.

Angelina was the oldest, and she assumed the prerogatives of a senior. There was a sort of excited relief in her strong voice.

"Be quiet, both of you," she said. "He paid for the sheets and the carpet. Be glad things are no worse than they are."

THE STRANGE BIRD

BY GEORGE STERLING

We are not done disputing yet
Which of us heard its singing first—
A sorrow to a music set,
Welcome as water is to thirst,
Tender as sleep to old regret.

It was a shy and nameless bird,
And shy and nameless was the song,
By morning twilight often heard.
It kept where shadows still were long,
Ready to vanish at a word.

It sang, beside the quieter streams,
Of beauty found perpetual—
No loveliness that only seems,
But all that made love beautiful
And life more beautiful than dreams.

Unseen by darkness as by noon,
It slept, we thought, afar from fears;
Though once we heard, below the moon,
A strain like gladness told in tears,
That rose, and sank, and died too soon.

We hoped to find that hidden place,
But evening shadows foiled the sight:
Save of the song, we had no trace
Of that cool secrecy of light,
Where silence had a purer grace.

It was not long we heard that tone,
Unsolved, ethereal, rain-pure:
One of us killed it with a stone,
The story goes. We are not sure.
Perhaps, we say, it has but flown.

Perhaps it sings in other lands,
Where all of which it told is found,
As lovers clasp awaited hands
And listen, dreaming, to the sound
Of waves that cease on twilight sands.

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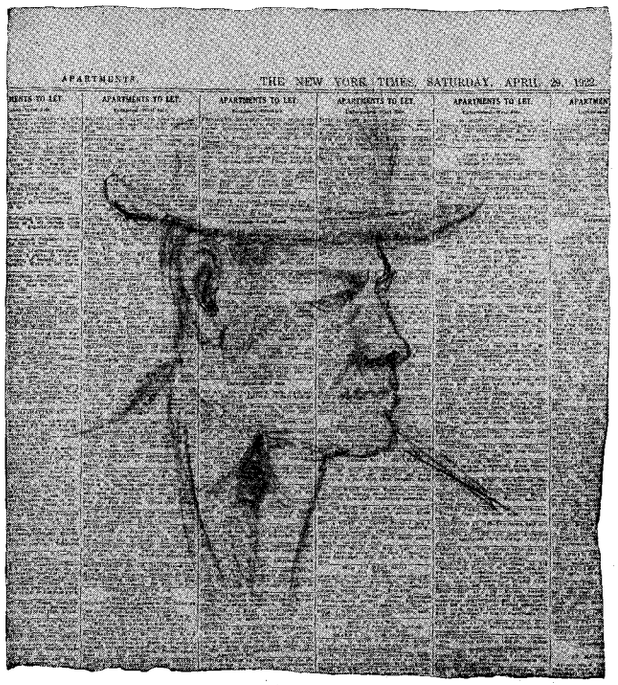
SUBWAY

A BANKER ARTIST USES HIS NEWSPAPER FOR FACES OF NEW YORKERS

Shall it be chops again or steak? We suspect this lady of household worries. Like Martha, she seems "troubled about many things"



We wonder if this man lives up to his prognathic jaw. Will his morning's mail deal with millions or pennies? Anyhow, if the lady gazing over the top of his hat is to order a dinner for him we suggest that he will be pleased if she make it a porterhouse steak, very rare

One New Yorker at least seems to have a smiling morning face. A bargain-counter glitter is in her eye. Though she smiles, perhaps the salesgirls will not smile when she comes

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FACES

A SKETCH-BOOK AND CATCHES THE MORNING ON THEIR WAY TO WORK

Horn-rimmed spectacles no longer necessarily imply a literary career. But, on the other hand, they do not preclude such a possibility. Maybe in the present case the gentleman is some popular magazine's rewrite editor with a yearning for serious literature that even hack work will not down

From hall bedroom to counter and back to hall bedroom again. Coney Island in the summer and the movies in the winter—how much beyond this circle has New York given to this woman? That is never safe to judge by appearances

Ring History Shows That Fans Are Ever Willing to Give Negro Boxers a Chance.
Win by Two Lengths in One Mile Brush on Thames.
PERTINENT GOSSIP OF THE RING
Results of Sport Yesterday.
Intercollegiate
Rowing Regatta

Subway advertisers will get little profit from this traveler. He may be puzzling over the strangeness of New York life, and he may also be wondering whether or not he can skimp a bit on the lining of that last order for ladies' cloaks

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A LOST LAND

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

COMING down from the Berkshires one day, we should have crossed a State line without knowing it if the chauffeur had not spoken an informing word. So I told him. I meant that the boundary sign was unduly inconspicuous. But he misunderstood. "*I* don't see any difference either," he said; "it all looks the same to me." Evidently he had only physical, not mental, vision!

The physical eye, indeed, perceived no difference as it looked one way or the other over the corn-fields and the meadows with their tall canopy elms, over pine groves and wide stretches of woodland, to the long, lovely, almost level lines of the distant hills. But in the names—Massachusetts, Connecticut—the mind's eye reads a difference which, you may be sure, any native of either State would loudly affirm. We cannot think of the two, always unlike in history and character, as merged under a single name. And how appropriate to each seems its own name, colorlessly aboriginal although both of them were in the beginning.

As unimaginative in another way as our chauffeur is a certain gentleman who, when his wife yearned to possess a certain beautiful meadow because within its borders lay the point of contact of three important States, said that of course he would buy it for her, but for the life of him he could not see why she wanted it. Now that the meadow is hers, still he does not see. But she rejoices for clear reasons, as would anybody with a proper mental eye. To the senses it is a meadow like a thousand others, no one part of it different from another; but all the more piquant, therefore, is the fact that, flourishing and flowering under three names of colonial flavor, to the imagination it suggests the stories and the souls of three diverse commonwealths. Who with a soul of his own would not like to stand, upon soil of his own, at the spot where three short steps could carry him so far?

Look from another angle. We know, proverbially, that, if a dog gets a bad name, ever afterwards he is considered a bad dog. And it is just as true that if he has no name he is not *a* dog, but merely an indistinguishable member of his race. We must call him something, if only "Jones's dog," if we want even to think about him. And it is the same of course with men, and almost the same with their institutions. A special name gives one of these a sort of concrete personality which it lacks if we must use instead a mere descriptive phrase. Has the government of New York always been worse than that of all other cities? Yet it has become the type, the symbol, of bad municipal government because those who usually control it have a corporate name. We can say so much by simply saying "Tammany" that we often say nothing but "Tammany" when, to be just, we should speak instead, or should also speak, of other groups of sinners. Unfortunately for itself, the New York dog has a name. Yet from its own point of view, fortunately also, having a name of its own it has a peculiar power of its own. Its name has become more than a label, a definition. It is a battle-cry, a slogan, an appeal to sentiment and through this to loyalty, and so a potent help in recruiting and holding a fighting force.

To men of those earlier times when imagination had not been dulled or cramped by long ages of experiment, experience, and respect for facts, names were potent indeed. In ancient Egypt, as elsewhere, they might be actual "words of power," conferring magical powers upon those who knew them. And the lavishly repeated, the deliberately mutilated monumental inscriptions of this mystical land show how both friend and foe acted upon the belief that not only power but immortality depended upon the preservation of a name.

All this I write that I may find understanding when I lament that we have lost an interesting land because it has lost its accustomed name.

There have been cities and lands which died at the end of a long process of birth, growth, and decay, or were destroyed by the hand of man or of nature, or else, like the "lost Atlantis" of the Greeks, vanished who knows how? But the land I mean has in a sense deleted itself by adopting a new name. Where is Bohemia—Bohemia, the beloved of history, legend, and romance? Lost in Czechoslovakia.

Lost to us, I mean, to our imagination, and that of course is all I mean. To herself Bohemia is not lost, but found—restored, renewed, revived, reborn to long-extinguished potentialities of life and liberty. Moreover, be it noted, the name that we regret was not her true name. In the various shapes with which we are familiar—Bohemia, Bohême, Böhmen—it has been a misnomer, an anachronism, a relic of the far-off time, long before the coming of the Slavic Czechs (our "Bohemians"), when the Celtic Boii possessed the land and the Romans called it Boiihemum.

Nevertheless, truthful and proper though the new name of Bohemia and her federated sister-lands may be, countries, like other things, are to each of us as they have been named and pictured in his own language and literature; to each of us, I mean, who has no practical, responsible, but only a detached and sentimental interest in them as part of those background furnishings of the mind against which the actual drama of his personal affairs plays itself out. And how much warmer would in future be our interest in this part of the world-wide background, in this one of the mental tapestries that encircle and enrich our little personal stage, how much keener would be our concern for this promising young state, the most promising of all those created or reshaped by the Great War, if only it could have been called, in English at least, the Republic of Bohemia! What to us by comparison is Slovakia, what to us are the other sisters—Moravia, Ruthenia, Silesia? We should be content to forget them entirely could we read and speak and think of a Bohemian Republic playing its part in remodeled Europe. We should even be eager to help to secure a seacoast for the deeply landlocked new state if only we were told that Bohemia wanted one.

Then there are of course intrinsic differences in the mere sounds of names, quite apart from all overtones of meaning, of association. Merely as abstract vocables, as groups of letters, they may be sweet and charming, noble, harsh, clumsy, grotesque, comic. It was not Shakespeare, it was only the lovesick little girl that he was trying to characterize, who declared that "Romeo" and "rose" were no more appropriate in sound than any other names might be. And could even Shakespeare have felt romantically, could he have made us feel romantically, about a land that he was forced to call Czechoslovakia?

In the ears of Czechs and Slovaks the term may have a sweet or perhaps a stately sound. Tastes vary. We think English an agreeable tongue. But Carl Schurz told me once that when he fled to England in his revolutionary youth he felt that he could not learn the language and did not want to—it was so very ugly. And he a German! And once an Italian in similar case said that as yet he had come upon only one mellifluous English vocable—"cellar door." Yet, I say again, we cannot but hear and feel as our own habits and standards dictate. And any effort to transfer the old affection to the new name of Bohemia must fail, not only because it is unfamiliar, but also because even a lifetime of familiarity would not make it other to our ears than a harsh and cumbrous term, discouraging to sentiment, impossible to poesy. I believe that we may, if we will, say Chekho instead of Czecho, but that does not help the matter much!

I shall not be called too fanciful if you also have loved Bohemia. If not, pray imagine a like condition nearer home. If, for example, New York and New England and a piece of Canada should for some reason form themselves into a new confederacy and call it Yorkopuritanika, or perhaps Yanko-

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kanuckia, would you be pleased? And these worthy commonwealths, though very important to us—figuring not in the distant tapestried background but in the actual setting of our lives—lack, on the other hand, such delights for the imagination as Bohemia offers to those who know her. Shakespeare never set any of his scenes near the seacoast of New York; mediæval history tells no thrilling tales about Canada; only a dim prosaic echo of the wars of religion sounds in the story of New England. But when we know Bohemia we know Camillo and Florizel, Hermione and Perdita (here are names indeed!). We know warring Turks and wandering gypsies. We know King Wenceslas and the Emperor Sigismund, and the Catholic martyr St. John of Nepomuk, over whose drowned body floated the seven revealing stars. We know the Protestant martyrs John Huss and Jerome of Prague and their flaming stakes, and Ziska, their one-eyed partisan. And we know the city of Prague itself. Humboldt, the far-traveled, called Prague the most picturesque inland city in the world. But really it has, at all events in the Occidental world, no equal of any sort; for if some seaport—Naples, for example—seems even finer, it wins by virtue not of its own aspect but of its environment. There are in Prague specimens of every manner in which men have built from Charlemagne's day to our own, often time-worn, altered, mutilated, but (at least when I saw them) not "restored." There are elaborated forms and contrasted colors in bewildering variety, culminating in a multitude of great green copper curving roofs and soaring domes. There is the wide and rushing Moldau dotted with green islands, and its great bridge adorned by rows of Christian martyrs as baroque artists set them up against the sky in agitated stone. There is—well, there is everything that one could ask for in the way of picturesqueness and a thousand things that one could never have thought of, all mingling in a most harmonious disharmony. Strictly, architecturally speaking, there may not be one building of great beauty in all Prague, but pictorially speaking there are hundreds; and heaped together, with the old castle and cathedral crowning the rocky hill above the river, they make a city which, despite its modern liveliness, seems the very home and center of old romance. How can we bear to speak of it as the capital city of Czechoslovakia!

Of course the identity of the old kingdom, the old province of the Austrian Empire, cannot have been wiped out. I do not know what amount of "States' rights" are sanctioned by the new Constitution, but there must be certain affairs and relationships in which Bohemia is still Bohemia. Nevertheless, if its old name appears on the new maps, it will be in meek little subordinated letters, and we shall read of the Republic a thousand times without once reading "Bohemia."

Let us rejoice, however, that there is a Bohemia, curiously born of the corporeal Bohemia and its gypsies, which can never be combined with any other land, lost in any group of sisters. There is a Bohemia which knows nothing of Czech, Hungarian, Austrian, or Turk, but is the hereditary foe of the Kingdom of Philistia and that dynasty of tyrants whose family name is Grundy. In this Bohemia our imagination may continue to live without any changing of names. If a new Murger should come to write about its Mimis and Rodolphes, he will not, thank Heaven, call his book "Scènes de la vie de Tchécoslovaquie."

HOW RADAMES AND THE ETHIOPIAN ARE BROADCAST BY RADIO

BY CHARLES D. ISAACSON

AUTHOR OF "FACE TO FACE WITH GREAT MUSICIANS"

OF all the inconglomerate mass of information, entertainment, and education which is part of the radiotelephone broadcasting, music occupies probably half of the various daily programmes.

In the newly created theater of the radio jazz and its sister frivolities have, curiously enough, been treated with scant courtesy. A glance over the programmes of any period discloses the amazing information that less and less of the ephemeral songs and instrumental numbers are announced. Can it be that there is but little joy in jazz without its jamboree? With the saxophone's bray must the shimmy be shown? With the blue's somber moan must the eyes roll their own?

All that is part of another story.

For the time let it be remembered that the radiotelephone has widened the audience for fine music, and the recital and symphony halls have stretched into a million new avenues.

Under this head there is the Radio Opera House. The stage is the broadcast room, the boundaries of the sea charts only the limit of the world, and the settings, the costumes, the action, are in the imaginations of the listeners.

When first the pregnant idea of the radio dawned upon me, troops of starlit, dazzling inspirations sang at my ear. I had always bragged: Let me or anybody else who loves and worships art have the opportunity of going into the homes of those who ignore our music and paintings and sculpture, let us but sit at the board of the families at supper and in their evening's chatter, and all will be changed. It is not that people do not love art, but that the people have not known art. A million pass by Carnegie Hall every week who are planets removed from it. They do not touch the walls, they do not see behind the bricks, they are separated by centuries of misunderstanding. But should I or anybody else arouse confidence, turn the passer-by from passing by, and induce a moment's listening—then forever Carnegie Hall is seen, touched, felt by him, with a drawing pull to return.

Grand opera in America has been a problem to test the intelligence and ingenuity of all lovers of the art. Communities have sought for means to introduce this luxury of kings. Hundreds of our American boys and girls with voices to rival the golden throats of old Italy have studied and finished themselves for operatic appearances—without finding a place to make appearances. Grand opera companies have been born and still-born. Gradually, to be sure, through the development of time, the phonograph, the recitalist, the touring troupes, interest has grown larger. But the future of opera, as with the future of all the arts, depends upon the future of the audience. Make a larger audience for grand opera, and the buildings will rise, with their companies of trained singers.

This was the mental train which made me eager to develop a series of grand opera performances via radio, which were actually included in the high-class musical repertoire we were broadcasting from various stations, chiefly the big Westinghouse plant at Newark, New Jersey.

The first radio grand opera season announced "La Traviata" of Verdi, "Pagliacci" of Leoncavallo, "Cavalleria Rusticana" of Mascagni, "The Barber of Seville" of Rossini, "La Tosca" of Puccini, and "Aïda" of Verdi. The casts included many names of prominent stars of grand opera, recruited from the Metropolitan, Chicago, and San Carlo Opera Companies; the conductors were excellent musicians of life-long experience. It was a prospectus to interest any opera lovers and certain to induce a lively subscription sale among any opera set. But to the radio public what did it mean?

Five hundred thousand listen to WJZ, the Westinghouse radio station. Not

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five hundred ever attended the operas, and not five thousand had any collection of grand-opera phonograph records worthy of notice. Not five thousand knew that the "Barber of Seville" wasn't a hair-dresser or that "Aïda" and "Traviata" were dead. "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria" (known for its intermezzo) were probably the only names which even held any familiarity for the great bulk of the prospective audience. But radio audiences want to be entertained, broadcast stations wish to entertain and keep the time fully occupied, and we want to make a new world pay attention to an old art.

Finished the stock reports, weather prophecies, ship news, baseball scores, lectures on all scientific subjects—time 8:15 P.M. and the opening of a grand opera performance. The cast are excited, almost bewildered; they are in their street clothes; there are no stage, no settings, no audience. They are full of wonder, eager to ejaculate their amazement, but they are hushed to silence—a silence which never was demanded at the biggest opera houses. No sounds—the radio is open, and the slightest whisper would interfere and carry.

Time for the curtain. The opera must begin.

I go to the speaking apparatus. Five hundred thousand are listening. Just finished the baseball scores. Perhaps five thousand know it's to be a grand opera and that a grand opera means music and drama. The rest? What are they thinking? Will they throw down their receivers and leave the room? Will they tune to another station? No, I'm sure they won't. There's something scheduled to follow the opera, and some might just hold on because there's nothing else to do. We have them! They can't get away. But what if we can make them hold on because they find something intensely interesting? That's it—how to hold that half million and make them hungry for more of grand opera!

I speak:

"Ladies and gentlemen. Grand opera is looked upon by many as a place in which to go to sleep, a rather expensive place, considering seven dollars a seat and then the noise all about. But grand opera is really a king's entertainment. It is music and the drama, spectacle and panorama. If you knew what you might know about grand opera, you'd not be willing to forego its pleasure. Now just suppose you are walking into the great Metropolitan Opera House on one of its gala nights. You don't need a ticket to-night. For we're giving you a seat right down front. The *élite* of the world, the intellectuals, wealthy, cultured, are about you and with you. Look, the orchestra enters the pit—a hundred musicians. They play the overture. The curtain rises.

"Now to-night we're going to hear the entire opera, and we're going to know what it's all about. It's in Italian. But what do words mean when the music tells its story? To-night we're going to have the finest scenery and costumes and actors in all the history of opera. For your imaginations will make these singers what you want them to be.

"Look, the curtain rises. The scene is laid in Egypt, old land of ancient splendor." . . .

Rapidly I lay the scene, dress the characters and introduce the first aria with its meaning. I step aside from the speaking-tube. The tenor advances. Immediately he sings, and, forgetting the incongruity, throws himself into the character and gesture; feeling and mood are created. He pauses, I proceed:

"This is WJZ, continuing the performance of the grand opera 'Aïda.' We had learned that Egypt is about to go to war and that Radames, who loves the captive Ethiopian Aïda, looks upon her with adoring eyes. But Amneris, daughter of Pharaoh, the King, has long desired the handsome captain of the Guard." . . .

(C) Mishkin

MARIE RAPPOLD AS "AÏDA"

The action is described. The next arias, duets, trios, quartettes, ensemble numbers, chorus numbers, are brought before the transmitter, interspersed with the story remarks. Back and again.

"This is WJZ continuing the grand opera "Aïda." We have seen now how this" . . .

For those who have just "listened in"—and we never know when new audiences are listening in—we must always locate our station, our subject, and review as briefly as is necessary to give an understanding. This is different from a mixed, disconnected programme.

No moments of pause we allow; the operatic action continues. The whole drama is simulated. Scenes change. The important music is sung.

The listener who has heard "Oh, celeste Aïda" remembers now—that is the place it belongs in the opera, that is what it means. I see. And forever the aria has a meaning. The "Triumphal March" is played. So—the returning

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Egyptians with their slaves and captives, and all of Cairo attending the parade. And the priests' intoned chant, heavy with the indolent and incense odors of old Egypt—the priests at the service, that is now eternally placed.

The opera continues. Those who have heard from the beginning, perhaps 400,000 strong, feel the emotions of the characters, see them move before their imaginations, connect the music, and have learned more of the meaning of the score than they could get almost from a first performance of it. I would never subject the raw recruit to sit in a performance of it at the Metropolitan without a careful advance discussion. No; but here is a recital of the important airs, connected up to mean what they should mean, told with the story, across the ether, with a thousand interferences—working with a new medium, but dreaming of a larger, more potent audience.

The singers have had a wonderful time, they've enjoyed themselves. They have caught the excitement of the vast opera house. They begin to see the listeners on ships, in forts, in hotels and private homes, in stores, in railway trains, on automobiles. They hear the applause, they see the tears and laughter. They begin to understand what is to come out of this performance.

Five thousand, at the most, even knew the meaning of the opera's title. Five hundred thousand have been told the story and have heard the music, and can go back to their phonographs or pianos or player-pianos and try over the big moments of the action with a light in their hands.

But to-morrow, or to-morrow, an opera troupe will come to town, and, spurred on by the introduction of the radio, being curious to see what has been imagined, to hear what was given in piecemeal—the mystic rites of introduction, the wrongful fetishes of society, faddishness, dryness, boredness, having been thrown to the discard—a new figure advances to the box office and a new adherent to the old glorious art of the grand opera has been won.

This is the Radio Opera House, with its present cast of volunteer singers, its improving and inescapable psychology. It is doing a work which Verdi, Puccini, Wagner, Meyerbeer, von Weber, never dreamed might be—a work which unquestionably will revolutionize the whole grand opera situation in America—yes, the world. In the discussion of the radio, then, who would be so short-sighted as to believe that the human performances will be curtailed—that people will stay at home and hear what is "on the air" instead of attending the playhouse? The radio recitals of the popular scores are making new "opera fans" out of indifferent citizens.

Tune in. Galli-Curci sings to-night as Violetta in "La Traviata," which she will play next Monday night at the Grand Opera House. *Finale!*

WHAT HAS BECOME OF GOD?

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

A FRIEND of mine was saying the other morning: "With all these new cults, these repetitions of formulas to cure bodily ailments, I often wonder what has become of God? I mean the God I was taught to believe in when I was a child. It is curious to note the growing tendency—not to deny the existence of a Supreme Being, but unconsciously to ignore Him. The accent in any new philosophy or ism, any new religion, seems to be put upon Self; and a great deal is said of the power of the will, and little indeed of the power of simple prayer. Euphemisms are invented. God becomes the Truth, as if one were afraid to mention him; or the Essence, or Wisdom. He is concealed, if not utterly lost, under painful verbiage.

"When, in my youth, things went wrong with me, I was told by goodly folk, whose precepts I have fortunately never forgotten, that if one had access to prayer one might gain divine favor and assistance; and down upon my little knees I went, firm in the belief, strong in the consciousness, that this was right. I have never lost the habit; yet I find many people nowadays who boast of the fact that they do not call upon God in that dear, old-fashioned way. They look upon my method as, frankly, archaic. They would be ashamed to drop the knee in supplication; and they hold that there are other ways to have intercourse with God.

"Yes, I will grant them that. I shall not quarrel with them as to the means one need employ to get into communication with the Deity. I know that one's life may in itself be a form of prayer; one's deeds may be the electric current wherewith one reaches heaven. But what I may quarrel about is the tragic and obvious getting away from God through our rigid neglect of him. The modernists, who scoff at the old theology, seem bent upon healing their bodily ills and thinking little of their spiritual sicknesses. There is a studied avoidance of talk concerning the soul; there is much vain chatter about one's physical well-being; and in the process of gaining temporal strength one loses a sense of that ancient nearness to the Creator, that finer feeling for the things remote from the flesh.

"These newer creeds emphasize the necessity, if not of worldly glory, surely of worldly success and happiness; whereas the saints and martyrs utterly discounted these things. The greatest philosophers have ever called of little worth the evanescent grandeur of to-day, looking always ahead to a light of the spirit, believing that certain inner sanctities were more precious than outward display.

"There is much crying out these days for bodily refreshment; scarcely any at all for the old beautiful blessings that softly descend upon the heart if asked for fervently and with faith. One may read every paragraph in a recent book from the French wherein much salutary advice is given as to how this and that ailment may be tramped into nothing, and fail to find one word which would cause the reader to seek a single contact with higher things. And the volume purports to be a revelation of that divine immanence within us all. It is obvious that only through some higher, unseen Power we are to find redemption from pain; yet that Power is hurriedly, almost carelessly mentioned, and one is urged to a mere lip service which, without God, means nothing at all.

"In our eagerness to get well in a moment we have lost sight of the most ancient goodness; forgotten that divine intervention is the only remedy for all ills, whether of the flesh or of the spirit; and until we go back to the old, tried paths I fear me that our mumblings, sincere and well-intentioned though they be, will not lead us very far on the ways of peace. There may be a brief period of self-hypnotism which will be mistaken for solid and abiding comfort; but the surest way to find God is to forget self; and I doubt the efficacy of a 'cure' based selfishly on the constant thought of one's own physical being."

"The Church Revolution in Russia"
By
Leo Pasvolsky
will appear in an early issue of
THE OUTLOOK

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BUFFALO IN BUFFALO PARK, WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA

IN CANADA'S SCENIC WONDERLAND

BY D. M. LE BOURDAIS

AN Indian legend which James B. Harkin, Parks Commissioner of Canada, delights to tell is the tale of Ah-ka-noosta, "mightiest of hunters, who, in spite of the passing of many winters, grew not old. His brothers, wondering, noticed that each year he disappeared from the tribe and came back always with the vigor and spirit of youth. At last they begged him to tell what secret magic he had discovered. But Ah-ka-noosta declared he had no magic; he had only been away in the mountains, living like the wild goat and the eagle among the high peaks, sleeping in the teepee of the pine forest, and drinking the clear waters of the mountain springs. Although Ah-ka-noosta had told them all his secret, the others did not believe him, and the legend grew up that he had discovered in the mountains a magic lake whose waters were the Elixir of Life." That secret, however, has been discovered by Mr. Harkin and forms the basis of the policy under which Canada's ten thousand square miles of national parks have been set aside and are maintained for the welfare and benefit of the people of the Dominion, and, incidentally, of the stranger within its gates.

Year after year in the Commissioner's annual report to the Government, amid the more or less prosaic recital of administrative routine appears the same argument—the necessity for providing ample opportunity for the people frequently to renew contact with nature and thereby counteract the enervating influences of modern industrialism. And the various successive administrations seem to have responded in good measure. Canada's first national park was established in 1885 and comprised ten square miles. To-day the people's playgrounds aggregate an area two-thirds the size of Switzerland and almost as large as Belgium; and further reservations are projected, so that in the days to come the citizen of Canada, in whatever part of the Dominion he may live, will be able to find within reasonable reach some area, greater or less in extent, in which shall be preserved the beauties of nature in all their primitive grandeur, together with the birds and animals which but for such protection must have long since become extinct.

The principal national parks are in the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia. One reason for this is that the older provinces control their own lands, while the natural resources of the prairie provinces are administered by the Federal Government. And of course the most superb scenery is in the Rocky Mountains and the parallel ranges to the westward. In British Columbia the land is not under Federal control excepting for a belt twenty miles in width on each side of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but the national parks in that province lie mostly within this belt; where they do not, special arrangements have been made with the provincial Government. The older provinces have set aside provincial parks, some of them quite extensive and of great interest and beauty, but these will not be touched upon in the present article.

Canada's largest national park is known as Jasper Park. It comprises 4,400 square miles of mountain, forest, lake, and stream, and lies along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, about midway between the international boundary and the northern boundary of the province of Alberta, being the most northerly of the Rocky Mountain parks. The main line of the Canadian National Railways passes through Jasper Park, and bungalow camps have been provided by the parks management for the accommodation of tourists. Here one may find nature in all its wildness and ruggedness. Here the experienced alpinist may find mountain peaks that will challenge his greatest skill and endurance, peaks that have never yet felt the impress of the foot of man, and many which are doubtless destined to remain thus undefiled for some considerable time to come. Glaciers there are without number; and beautiful mountain lakes equally numerous, many of which have not yet been visited—by whites at least—and have been discovered only by means of aerial surveys.

The Waterton Lakes Park comprises 423 square miles in the extreme southwestern corner of Alberta. It also lies along the eastern slope of the Rockies and adjoins Glacier National Park in the United States, and forms another of the many felicitous points of contact between the two countries. Like Glacier Park, it is rich in dazzling mountain scenery and abounds in wild life of all sorts.

The best-known parks, however, are those along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway: Banff National Park, from the crest of the Rockies eastward, including the foothills in Alberta; Yoho Park, adjoining on the western side of the divide in British Columbia; and Glacier Park in the Selkirks, also in British Columbia.

Banff Park, in which are Banff and Lake Louise, perhaps the two most famous tourist resorts in Canada, occupies an area of 2,751 square miles. Although this is the most frequented park, only a comparatively small territory within easy reach of Banff and Lake Louise is familiar to any but alpinists and others who delight in the wilds undisturbed by the sight of the ubiquitous tourist.

Banff is a picturesque town with a normal population of about 1,500, which is quadrupled during the summer season. It is beautifully situated on the Bow River at an elevation of 4,486 feet above sea-level and surrounded by great mountain peaks. It has grown up around the famous Banff Hot Springs, which because of their curative properties have achieved international repute. But if the therapeutic value of the springs first gave Banff its claim to notice, this feature has now become greatly eclipsed as a drawing card by the grandeur of the scenery—the unsurpassed beauty of the Bow Valley with the Bow Falls in the foreground, the towering mountains densely clothed with spruce and pine, many of them uprising beyond the timber-line by as much as 1,500 additional feet of rugged rock, their crowns covered with a cap of snow. When to such surroundings as these is added the clear, exhilarating mountain air, it is not to be wondered that people frequently drop off the train at Banff to stay over the week-end and remain for the season.

In Banff can be found accommodation to meet the purse of all comers. The person of modest means who wishes to get close to nature may rent a camp site from the superintendent of the park for a nominal sum; or he may secure board and room at one of the many reasonably priced hotels. But if he wishes to have the comfort and convenience such as is obtainable only at the most perfectly appointed hotels on the continent, there is the Banff Springs Hotel, one of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's

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chain of hotels, which in point of service, the beauty and charm of its location, and in every other way leaves nothing to be desired. It is built on an eminence commanding a superb view of the Bow Valley, a short distance from the falls. From its balconies in any direction the view of mountain or valley is simply beyond description. Memories of Banff, for many thousands of people, are inextricably associated with this wonderful hotel, and any failure to mention it would be invidious.

While there is nothing to prevent one from lying quietly in a tent or sitting still in a deck-chair on a hotel balcony drinking in the invigorating air and feasting one's soul upon the ravishing beauty of the mountains, the enchantment of which grows upon one with each day, Banff is really not a place for relaxation. It is a strenuous resort. There are mountains to be climbed; there are walking tours that invite; there are horseback, tally-ho, and motor trips to be taken to various points of interest in the near-by valleys; there is boating on the river; there is bathing, hot and cold; and, lastly, there is a wonderful golf course which was laid out by Donald Ross himself, than which those who know claim no more can be said for a golf course. But perhaps, after all, a strenuous "rest" is the best form of relaxation for most people.

The Banff town site is owned and controlled by the Government. Every plot of ground, from a modest camp site to the busiest corner on Main Street, is rented from the Parks Department on long lease at a very moderate rental. No exclusive concessions are granted, and any person who wishes to establish himself in business is welcome, subject to a few necessary regulations laid down by the Department.

But we must not linger unduly at Banff. There are other spots in this mountain wonderland that for some persons have an even greater attraction than Banff. There is Lake Louise, for instance. It lies at an altitude of over 6,000 feet above sea-level, three miles by motor or tram from Lake Louise station. The accommodation here is supplied by another of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's incomparable hotels, Lake Louise Château.

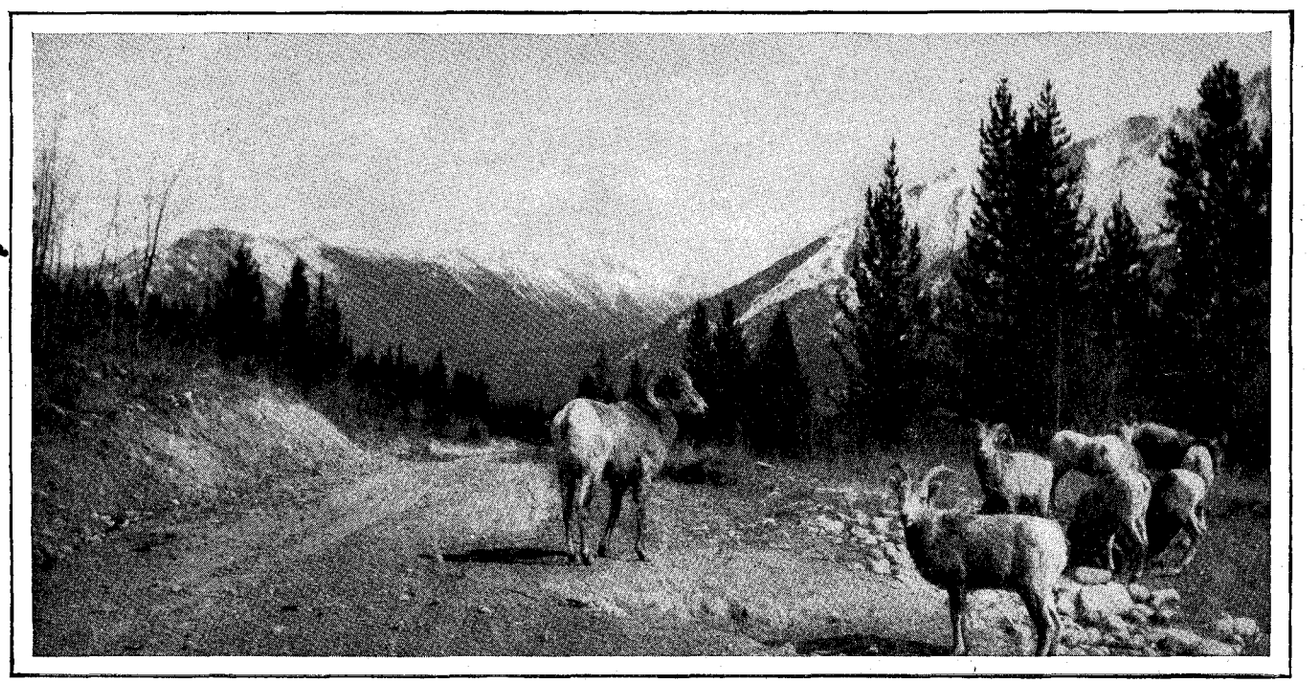
Whereas energy is the keynote at Banff, repose is the principal characteristic of Lake Louise. Not that there are not mountains to climb and canyons and glaciers to visit, but somehow the bustle and stir of Banff are absent. The exuberance which finds its outlet in muscular energy gives place to the ecstatic content that one feels when in complete harmony with one's surroundings—and that is about as near as one can come to a description of the beauties of Lake Louise. Sir James Outram, a past President of the Alpine Club of Canada and a famous mountaineer, says of Lake Louise in his book "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies:" "I have traveled in almost every country under heaven, yet I have never seen so perfect a picture in the vast gallery of nature's masterpieces. . . . As a gem of composition and coloring it is perhaps unrivaled anywhere. To those who have not seen it words fail to conjure up the glories of that 'haunted lake among the pine-clad mountains, forever smiling upward to the skies.'"

A separate volume could be written about the lakes, valleys, mountains, and glaciers that can be seen from Lake Louise or are within easy distance by motor or horseback, but the impossibility of doing justice to such a subject in the space available must be the excuse for passing on to the next.

Yoho, a self-explanatory Indian term of surprise and delight, is the name given to the national park which lies on the western slope of the Rockies with Field station as its chief center. It comprises an area of 476 square miles, each foot packed with scenic grandeur that beggars description. One attractive trip is up the Yoho Valley, a narrow gorge fourteen miles in length along each side of which rise majestic mountain peaks, their lower slopes heavily clothed with timber, bluish-green in the distance. At its head is the giant Yoho Glacier. One of the many wonders in Yoho Valley is Takakkaw Falls. This beautiful waterfall comes tumbling over the edge of a precipice, making an initial leap of 150 feet "and there gathering itself together falls in a glorious curtain of milky green waters and lacy streamers of spray 1,000 feet down the face of the cliff, to tumble in a final cascade of 500 feet into the Yoho River."

Another point of interest which must be referred to while dealing with Yoho Park is Emerald Lake, nestling at the base of giant mountains whose velvet slopes provide an appropriate setting for its emerald waters. It is said that "in their crystalline depths . . . you may count twenty shades of green at one time but never one of blue."

The wonderful color of these mountain lakes and glacial streams is due to a very prosaic agency. According to Dr. A. P. Coleman, Professor of Geology at Toronto University and an authority on the Rocky Mountain region, the color is due to glacial deposit. He says: "It seems strange to trace the brilliant colors of mountain waters to the effect of glacial mud, yet the cause of the usual intense blue is probably to be found in particles of mud so fine that they remain suspended in the water after the heavier sediments have fallen. If these particles are very minute, they reflect only the shorter, that is, the blue rays of light; if a little larger, the green waves are reflected also. With these



BIGHORN SHEEP ON BANFF-WINDERMERE ROAD

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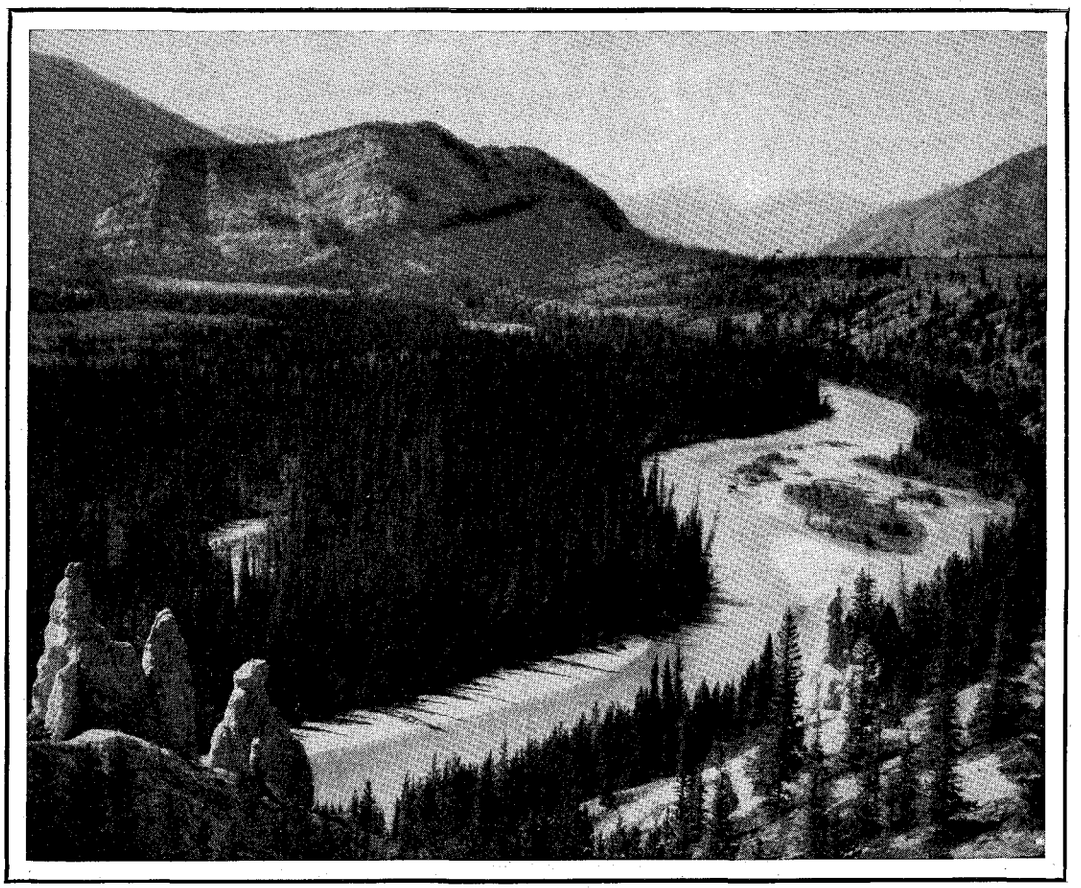

LOOKING FROM BANFF HOODOOS

colors, due to the finest mud particles, there are sometimes mingled in shallow water the yellow sands or the richer green of aquatic plants, giving a considerable range of beautiful tints . . . turquoise, aquamarine or emerald; all gems of rich color in splendid setting."

Passing on to the west, and across the Columbia River, one comes to the great Selkirk Range, with Glacier National Park astride its crest comprising 468 square miles of snow-clad mountains and timbered valleys. Geologically, the Selkirks are older than the Rockies, and consequently not quite so high, their highest peak being less than 12,000 feet in height, and their average somewhat lower. From the standpoint of alpine scenery, however, they are in no way inferior. The warm, humid breezes from the Pacific deposit most of their moisture in the Selkirks, and as a result the latter lie under vast fields of snow and ice at altitudes and at seasons when corresponding peaks in the Rockies are bare. The effect of this greater precipitation is seen in the density and size of the timber that clothes the lower slopes of the Selkirks, and also in the almost tropical profusion of undergrowth and vegetation in the valleys.

Elizabeth Parker in her "Guide to the Selkirk Mountains" says: "The Selkirk Mountains have their own lovers to whom no snows are so white as the Selkirk snows and no clouds so radiant, no forests so darkly, beautifully green. There the cedar, hemlock, fir, and spruce grow together in the rich valleys, climbing in serried ranks to meet the blue ice, softening every outline to a gentle undulation. There hang myriads of glaciers festooning the high mountain walls, and there the curved mounds and cornices of driven snow beautify the harsh mountain faces. And there, if the pilgrim only travels far enough, whole summits are white against the blue sky, gray rock scarcely showing above the green forest. For from the railway and the hotel you see but a strip of the Selkirks. It is the place to absorb the phenomena of alpine beauty in forest and snow, the place to study the phenomena of alpine structures and alpine vegetation."

Among a thousand objects of interest, from waterfalls to underground rivers and subterranean caverns in Glacier National Park, the great beauty of the Illecillewaet Valley and the majesty of the glacier of the same name are outstanding. The latter falls from the great Illecillewaet snowfield, ten square miles in extent, and extends down the mountain-side for 3,600 feet. Its base is only about a mile and a half from Glacier House by a splendid trail, and on that account is probably the most visited glacier in the Canadian Rockies.

A feature of the Canadian parks system which will be of interest to American readers is the Banff-Windermere Highway, just completed, which provides a direct motor route through the Canadian Rockies and forms connections at each end with transcontinental highways in the United States. The whole route from Banff, at the eastern portal of the Rockies, to Windermere, on the British Columbia side of the mountains, is a succession of scenic splendors. After leaving Banff the road follows the Bow Valley for a few miles, and then turns southward through Vermillion Pass, which it crosses at an elevation of 5,660 feet, dropping thence into the Kootenay Valley, and, after crossing the Kootenay River, up over the Briscoe Range by means of Sinclair Pass at an altitude of 4,660 feet, and then down again into the valley of the Columbia.

In spite of the high elevation of these passes, the maximum gradient is only three per cent, excepting for a short stretch of eight per cent grade in Sinclair Pass. In many places the road winds along a narrow shelf blasted out of the solid rock, but so safeguarded as to render the possibility of accident quite negligible.

The road from Banff to the crest of Vermillion Pass runs through Banff National Park. Beyond that point a strip of territory five miles in width on each side of the highway has been set aside for park purposes and is known as Kootenay National Park. As all the national parks are game sanctuaries, it is only natural that wild life of all kinds should increase since the parks have been established, and it is rare indeed that the traveler does not see several flocks of bighorn sheep, mountain goats, caribou, or elk; while moose, deer, and black and brown bears are also quite common. Ptarmigan are frequently seen; and all about are the beautiful alpine flowers and at least three varieties of mountain heather.

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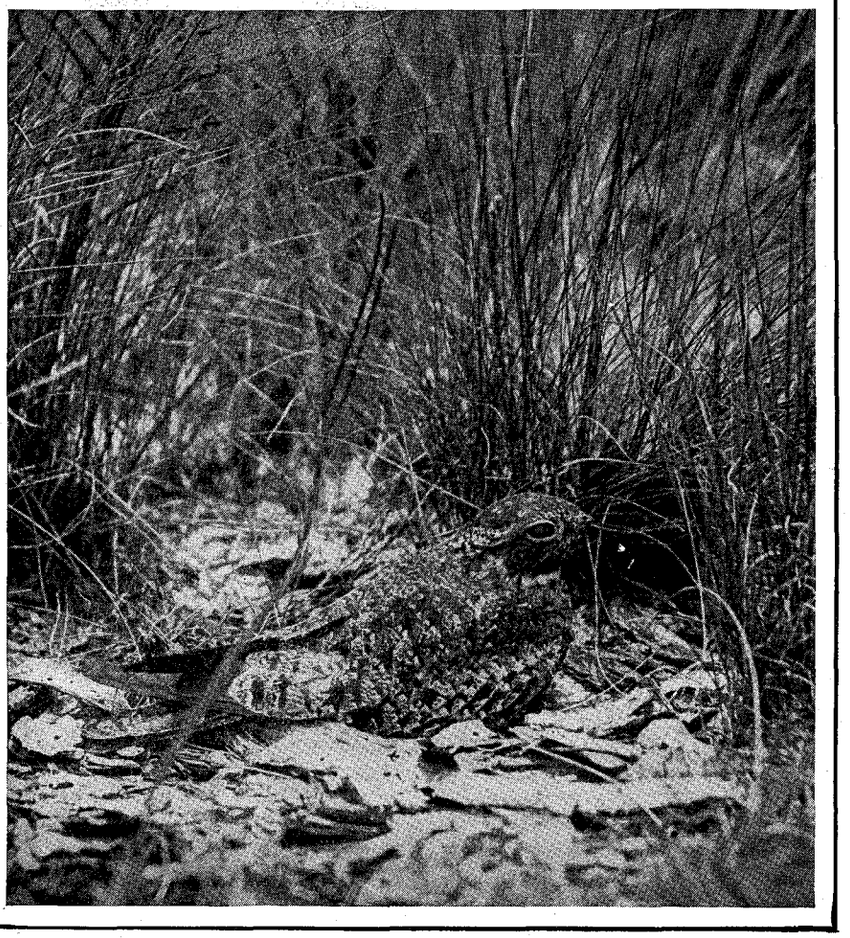
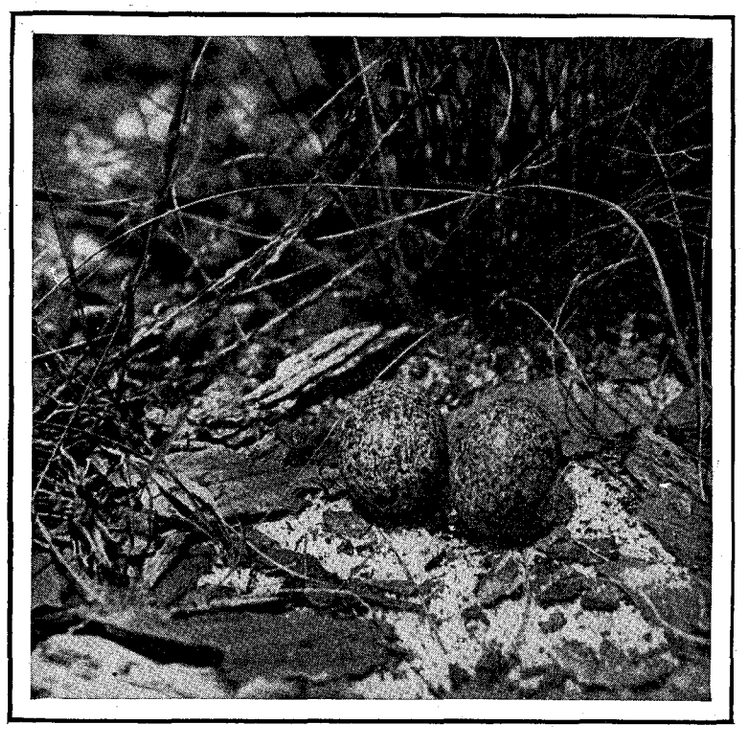
SEEKING SAFETY BY SITTING TIGHT



NATURE'S CAMOUFLEUR. THE NIGHTHAWK OR BULLBAT, ON "NEST"

By laying her eggs just anywhere in the open Mrs. Nighthawk achieves a setting for her own peculiar coloring that gives her complete protection during her two weeks or more of incubation. Indeed, she feels so secure in her exposed hiding-place that she will not take flight until she is in actual danger of being stepped upon. Once discovered, however, she is very timid about returning to the "nest," and this photograph was not made until the third day of the photographer's watchful waiting. The low tone and general lack of contrast in this snap-shot is typical of all photographs of protectively colored birds and animals taken in their natural surroundings



CLOSE-UP OF "NEST" AND EGGS OF NIGHTHAWK

Laid on the bare ground in an open field, the eggs of the nighthawk match their surroundings so perfectly that they are safe from detection during the absence of the parent birds when in search of food. In fact, not a few "nests" are unwittingly stepped upon and destroyed by the very students of nature who are most eager in their search for them

From Francis M. Weston, Jr., U. S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida

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THE BOOK TABLE

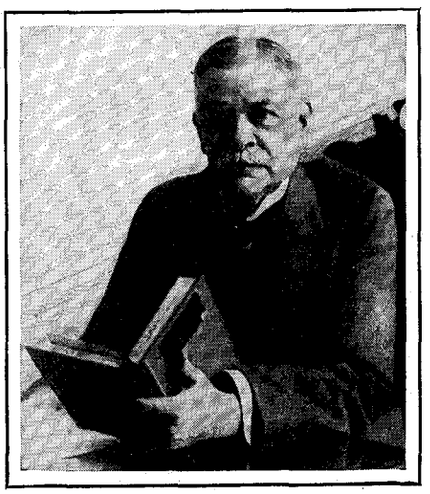
THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S LAST BOOK

BY GINO SPERANZA

"IT is an audacious subject," Thomas Nelson Page wrote me as he was finishing what was to be his last literary work,[1] "so audacious, in fact, that I wonder at my temerity." It is this attitude towards his subject, this fine humility of the artist before the Master Artist, which gives the book a sort of quiet glow; it is the sincerity and earnestness of feeling that have gone into its making that give it a fineness, an individuality, and a stimulating character all of its own. "The writer will rest content," the author tells us in its Foreword, "to be in the position of a child who, taken out in the night, points to the heavens and exclaims with awed wonder and delight: Oh! see the stars!" Very simple, very true, very humble; a high experience which the author wishes us to share with him; that is why the book is really a human document. It is the experience of a gentle, sensitive nature like Page's stirred and exalted by the greatness of the Italian poet; it is the record of the deeply sincere and almost childlike awe of the author of "Meh Lady" before the powerful imagination of the Italian seer.

Greater scholarship, profounder research, and keener interpretative powers may be more in evidence in other studies of the Italian poet, but seldom, it seems to me, has a non-Italian *felt* so sincerely the *humanity* of Dante, his soaring, prophetic spirit, and his essential *Italianity* as has Thomas Nelson Page in this work. If such fervor—real, unaffected, whole-hearted fervor—as shines from the pages of this volume will make, as it surely will, a number of men read the "Commedia" for whom it would otherwise have been a closed book, then, if for no other reason, this work is a distinct contribution to the study of Dante. "I have given to it," the author wrote me on another occasion, "all that was in me of zeal, appreciation, and reverence," which helps to explain what I have called "the quiet glow" of the book—the simplicity, directness, and whole-heartedness of the appeal that its fervor makes. Through its shining pages Dante, though always of the empyrean, seems the natural and revered guest of the author of "Marse Chan;" and where the host cannot give as fully as he might wish from the treasure-chests of lore and special erudition, he gives—and gives so bountifully and so naturally—from the treasure-house of reverent and deep affection.

There are other evidences—extraneous ones confirming the intrinsic ones disclosed by the printed page—that reverence and affection are the motives for and the essence of this book dedicated to the memory of one whom the author says was "ever moved by *'l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle.'*" When the lectures which form the basis of this book had been delivered at the University of Virginia and were being arranged for publication, Mr. Page wrote me: "Through them you will read also my appreciation of Italy, the Italy we know." This seems to me to confirm



THOMAS NELSON PAGE

the intrinsic evidence in the book itself that through this study of Dante the author intended to pay a debt of grateful esteem to the Italian people. As Ambassador to Italy during the World War he had had not merely an opportunity of knowing the Italians, but against the background of that great drama of sacrifice and resolve he came into intimate contact with the very soul of the race. That spiritual intimacy gave him an insight into and a vision of Italy and the Italians transcending all the exact knowledge of facts and figures possessed by some of the experts who sat in judgment with his political superior at Versailles. Part of that vision Mr. Page has tried to convey to us in this book on Dante by dwelling on the continuity and persistency of the poet's influence on the history and the destinies of the Italian people. "Italy," says Mr. Page in his book, "is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. He is the father of Italian Nationality; the inspirer of Italian Ideality; the authority for Italian Aspirations." And again: "It is not only the speech of Dante that one hears; it is the turn of phrase, his way of thinking also that has stamped itself on Italy. As the peasant or the artisan throughout Italy talks with Dante's wisdom as his argument; so the philosopher or the statesman cites him as the authority and often as the final authority for his teaching."

The claims and duties of Thomas Nelson Page as diplomat and the claims and duties as student and historian no doubt occasionally clashed during the World War. There were conflicts of loyalties, too, I imagine, which at times may have risen almost to spiritual tragedies in a nature like his. Behind all the data and facts which experts and politicians submitted for judgment at Versailles there were, as Thomas Nelson Page the scholar knew, less measurable, less ponderable, yet more potent causes and influences making the history of states and races. The principle of self-determination, for example, had its claims—the claim of numbers, if none other; but civilization too has its claims, and Page the historian knew that it was Latin civilization, not Slav immigration, that had made the history of the Adriatic. So also the theory of the equality of sovereign states is a good and serviceable working hypothesis in political procedure; but the inequality in civlizations is not a working theory, but a truth. Thomas Nelson Page the man knew this, but Thomas Nelson Page the Ambassador could not proclaim it. What he could not say then, I think, he has stressed now, in his own way and in his own time; not in petty disappointment or in pettier polemic form, but in a shining brief on behalf of Italian civilization, the civilization of Dante—of him who "has trodden in high companionship the stony ways with many an Italian Exile and Patriot, . . . who has lightened the darkness of many an Austrian dungeon," and who "sang to the gray lines of Italy's sons as they stormed the Asiago, the Grappa, and the Carso."

After all great undertakings there comes an acceptable time when those who have shared therein may disentangle and distinguish their individual share of responsibility from that of others who served in the common cause. There is a right way of doing this, and there is a wrong way. Many of the outstanding figures in the World War have essayed it, some well, others not so well; some like gentlemen, some like discharged servants. Some have done it through apologists or through the publication of letters or memoirs, others polemically and controversially. It is no criticism of any of them to say that no one has done it in quite so knightly and fine a way as Thomas Nelson Page through this book. He has done it without the least attempt at justification, without a word about himself or against any man, by a book which is a declaration of faith in the genius and the history of the Italian people whose struggles and hopes he shared during an epic period of their life as a reborn nation. That is why, I suppose, this slim volume on Dante, filled with fervor and

[1] Dante and His Influence. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

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EGYPTIAN Kings find different ways of getting into our newspapers. Some have cigarettes named after them. Others play hide and seek with the archaeologists.

The now famous Tut-Ankh-Amen was really a king only in his wife's name. He was originally a simple noble named Tutu. But he attracted the maiden fancy of the third of seven daughters of Akhen-Aton, a half mad "heretic king." Talking it over in the bridal suite of the Nile River Night Boat, he decided to spring a neat compliment on his royal father-in-law by calling himself "Tut-Ankh-*Aton*."

Later on, after a better chance to check up the political situation, Tut decided to change to "Tut-Ankh-*Amen*." Trying thus to steer a middle course between the rival "Atons" and "Amens," he promptly steered himself out of history for the next 3,400 years.

HIS wife then wrote a letter to the king of the Hittites. She had an admirably brief and pithy style:—

"My husband," it read, "has died most disappointingly. No heir apparent. Your sons are men. Send one immediately. He shall rule over Egypt."

The Hittite King naturally went into conference and wrote to ask if she were joking. She replied in a fervid torrent of birds, beetles, giraffes, and intaglio exclamations that she was never more serious in her life.

THAT message was the last we hear of her. Apparently the priests of Amon Ra, the primitive forerunners of some of our own night riders, got Mrs. Tut-Ankh-Amen just as they did her now famous husband.

Possibly, it was by way of a slight reparation that these Amon Ra priests gave their victim so magnificent a burial. If so, the treasure they buried for thirty-four centuries has at last turned the trick. But think what it would have done converted into cash and invested at compound interest at say 4½%. Ignorance, disease, human misery itself, could be almost wiped out by the intelligent administration of such an endowment.

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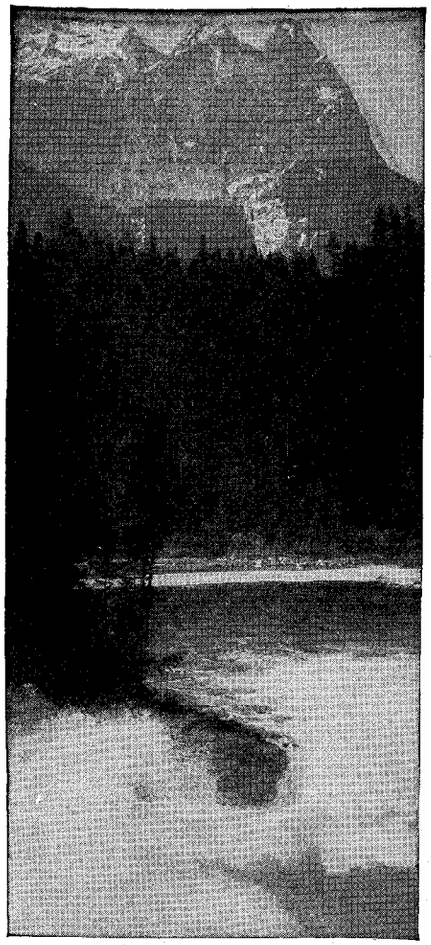

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THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

reverence and affection, makes all the exact data and figures of the Versailles experts on "Italian Claims" somehow shrink into scraps of paper.

It is by dwelling upon the spirit and purpose which inform this book that those of us who loved the author of "Red Rock" will discover how much of the character and spirit of Thomas Nelson Page emerges from the pages of this, his last book. "Dante and His Influence" would be a noble valedictory for any man; but what an appropriate, high-minded, and gentle farewell for an artist and a gentleman, for a historian and a man such as he was, to leave us with these words: "What I have desired is as an American to do honor to Italy and her greatest poet; to suggest the great debt that we Americans . . . owe to him who six hundred years ago, dying in exile, left, as a heritage to us all, the heritage of a comprehension of Liberty; of Justice; of fear of God; of Devotion to Him; of Reverence for Women; a heritage that has set the world forward and that, if rightly guarded, will in time bring about the realization of Dante's divine vision of Peace and Love and the coming of the Kingdom of Right in the ineffable light of the Paradise of God."

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

ALCATRAZ. By Max Brand. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.90.

This is a horse romance. Alcatraz is a superb stallion, ill treated by his half-breed master so that he becomes a "devil horse." The stallion takes his revenge for the cruelty and escapes to become leader of a splendid band of wild horses. In time the perfect horse yields to the mastery of the perfect cowboy—Red Perris. There is a human as well as an equine interest in the story.

BEDOUIN LOVE. By Arthur Weigall. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Weigall's name has been before the public prominently recently because of his cabled newspaper letters about the Tutankhamen discovery. Weigall was the first newspaper man to enter the inner tomb, although, as he remarked with some asperity, it was not as a newspaper man, but as a representative of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities. This tale is not at all learned or archæological, although its setting is in Egypt and Cyprus. It is essentially a romance revolving about the adventures of a young British mining manager whose love history is one of impulse and passion.

BEING RESPECTABLE. By Grace H. Flandrau. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

A novel which undertakes to portray a modern girl against the background of the riches, religion, and respectability of the "solid aristocracy."

LOST WAGONS. By Dane Coolidge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Gold mining in the desert and the outwitting of an unscrupulous manipula-

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So goes the old sea song, and it would be good advice to add

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THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

tor of mining stock by the bluff but far from dupable "Death Valley Slim" give the raw material for this spirited and entertaining tale.

SHEPHERD-PRINCE (THE). By Abraham Mapu. Illustrated. Translated by B. A. M. Schapiro. The Bible House, New York. De Luxe Edition, $5.25.

Mr. Schapiro is a scholar, an Episcopalian, and a Jew. He has here translated what he considers the most famous novel ever written in Hebrew, and this is its first translation into English. The romance is of the time of Isaiah and reproduces the setting of life and history in a striking way. Bishop Manning, of New York, has said of it: "In translating this work Mr. Schapiro has rendered a service to literature and to religion."

SUZANNE AND THE PACIFIC. By Jean Giraudoux. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

The author last year received one of the French Balzac Prizes for fiction. This story is described as that of a girl Robinson Crusoe, and it does have the air of simple and homely detail that makes De Foe's book so real. Here the cultured young Frenchwoman is stranded alone on a South Sea island. Her adventures and resourcefulness and reflections make good reading.

TUMBLEWEEDS. By Hal G. Evarts. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.75.

A romance of the transformation of the Cherokee Strip and of Donald Carver, ranch foreman, who is changed by responsibility and necessity from a human "tumbleweed," a roamer, into a leading spirit of the new era of law and order.

EDUCATIONAL

ENGLISH WORDS AND THEIR BACKGROUND. By George H. McKnight. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

An entertaining yet thoroughly scholarly book about words. The history of words, their origin through dialect, slang, the development of inventions, and the influence of war and commerce, is here told in a most readable way. We know not where to find in popular form so complete and comprehensive a survey of its subjects as in this book. The chapter on "American English" is especially readable and suggestive.

BIOGRAPHY

MANY MEMORIES. By G. B. Burgin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

There seems to be no end to the diverting anecdotes coming from the memory and pen of Mr. Burgin. The present volume is certainly the equal of its predecessors, of which there are at least three. The author draws from his knowledge of London and Canadian newspaper work, from his broad acquaintance with authors famous and the reverse, and from the treasury of good stories which he has accumulated.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

FARMERS IN CANADIAN POLITICS (THE). By William Irvine. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.

Any one who wishes to know something of the origin and purposes of the independent Farmers' Group movement in Canada will find in this book a clear and concise statement of the political and economic conditions that were responsible for so many Canadian farmers breaking away from the old parties and electing provincial and Dominion representatives pledged to legislate in the interest of agriculture. The significant feature of the new alignment in Canadian politics is its spontaneous upspringing from the working farmers themselves, not something imposed upon them by teachers or leaders of a new order. As an active worker in the farm political movement Mr. Irvine has watched its development from small beginnings, until now it is a controlling factor in a number of provinces, and is largely represented in the Dominion Parliament. The origin of the farmers' decision to create a new party he finds in the unfavorable economic conditions that were making the basic industry of Canada increasingly unprofitable and a general conviction that both old parties were more solicitous for the welfare of the manufacturing, commercial, and

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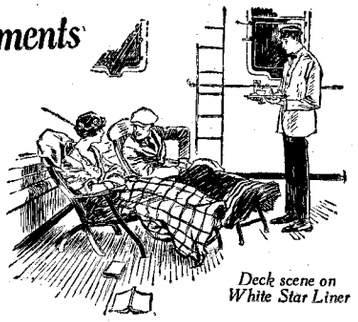

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THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

transportation interests than for that of the farmers. One of the impulses working for the independent movement Mr. Irvine finds is a sincere desire to make a social application of Christian principles. If the aims and methods of the Farmers' Group are as stated in this outline of the movement, there would seem to be no reason why they should be feared as dangerously radical by the industrial, commercial, and financial interests of Canada.

HISTORY OF MAGIC AND EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE DURING THE FIRST THIRTEEN CENTURIES OF OUR ERA (A). By Lynn Thorndike. The Macmillan Company, New York. 2 vols. $10.

Wide-reaching scholarship and extensive special knowledge have combined in the production of this work, which is almost monumental in its extent and detail and yet is oddly fascinating because of its subject and the strangeness of the facts collected. Even so, it does not pretend to cover the whole subject, because it deals only, as the author states, with the late classical, early Christian, and mediæval periods. Occultism, divination, the relation between magic and religion, the relation between magic and medicine, are some of the topics dealt with. The personal histories of alchemists and astrologists will surprise most people by the number of men who have in the past delved in this byway of pseudo-science. As the average reader turns the pages, he will recognize a few names, such as those of Michael Scot, Maimonides, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon, but he will find more names that he never heard of than those that are reasonably familiar.

We congratulate the author and publisher on covering this subject so thoroughly and so attractively. The work will take its place as an authority on its subject.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

LONG JOURNEY (THE). By Johannes V. Jensen. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

SHINING ROAD (THE). By Bernice Brown. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

UP AND COMING. By Nalbro Bartley. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.90.

BIOGRAPHY

FIFTY-ONE YEARS OF VICTORIAN LIFE. By the Dowager Countess of Jersey. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.

I CAN REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Rosaline Masson. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

LATIN AMERICA AND THE UNITED STATES. By Graham H. Stuart. The Century Company, New York. $3.75.

NAPOLEON. By Louis Etienne St. Denis. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE NEAR EAST (A). By William Stearns Davis. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY (THE). By Harold F. B. Wheeler. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

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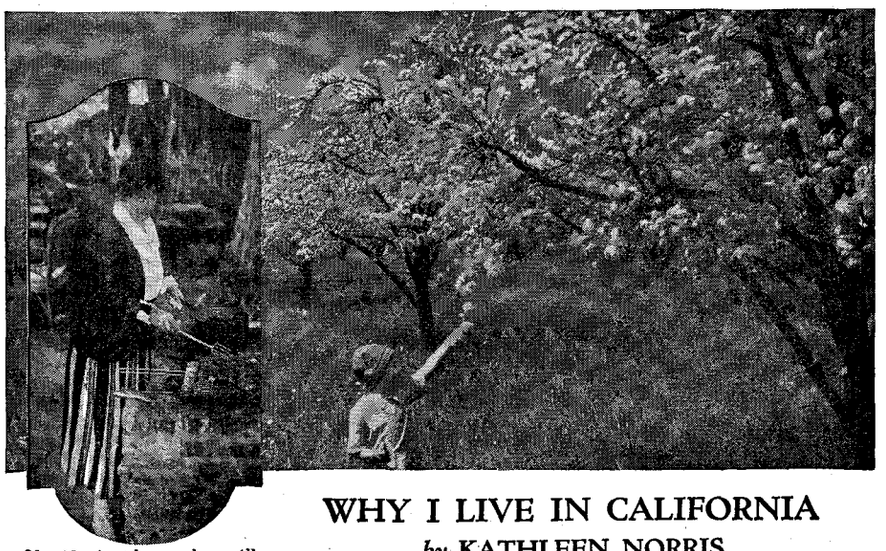

Mrs. Norris at her out-door grill under the redwoods.

WHY I LIVE IN CALIFORNIA

by KATHLEEN NORRIS

"A home in the mountains, with trees," decreed the legal head of the family. "An adjacent ocean, and isolation," added his fellow-worker with equal firmness. "A swimming-hole, a tennis-court, lots of fruit and extra beds for friends," demanded the juvenile voices, and from the kitchen came in inexorable, oriental tones a request for electric lights, hot water, accessible markets and traversable roads. So the little island off Victoria, Brazil, wouldn't do, and the pink villa upon an Italian hill wouldn't do, either. All very well for the joyous days of moving in, and sending home snap-shots of native servants and primitive arrangements. But cousins, aunts, uncles and grandparents are not in the habit of visiting either Brazil or northern Italy, and what is a home without arriving (and departing) cousins, aunts, uncles and grandparents?

Then came a casual visit to Saratoga, near San Francisco. Saratoga, every March, glorifies the high-tide of fruit blossom that washes over her like a snowy foam. Every year the little town goes mad with the joy of spring, the perfume and sunshine and birds, and every year all the neighboring towns pour in to join the festival.

We found other things in Saratoga. There's climate and carloads of prunes, and picnics in February and on Christmas Eve, and apricots, and the Egyptian corn that supports one family, and the Toggenberg — (is it?) goats that enable one woman — she told me — to put $7,000 in the bank in one year. There are out-of-door grills, and moonlight nights, and there is a glass-clear highway that ends at the Pacific, just an hour's run away.

When you say Saratoga elsewhere, it may suggest only potatoes. But when you say it in California all these things float before people's eyes, and first and foremost among them all come the fruit blossoms—the snowy, popcorny, upbubbling radiance of prune and apple and apricot and pear bloom!

That casual visit to Saratoga, in blossom time, settled the home question for the Norris family.

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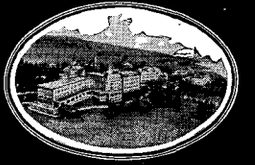

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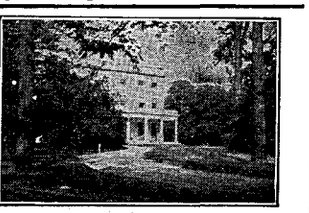

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Camden, Me. For rent, fully furnished several high-class seashore cottages. selections now. Photos, plans, and full description. J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

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BY THE WAY

"STILL on the Capitol at Rome is the bronze representative of Romulus and Remus," muses Senator Phelan in his new book, "Travels and Comment;" "the she-wolf snarls at the intruder, giving warning just as the geese had apprised the Romans of the approaching foe. They say that an American schoolgirl, when asked what object she most admired in the Eternal City, said, 'The big dog at the Capitol.' 'But there is no big dog at the Capitol,' she was told. 'Yes,' she insisted, 'there is a big dog there giving nourishment to Romeo and Juliet.'"

The Lady Lever Treasure House of Art, in Liverpool, England, recently opened, is described by the London "Sphere" as forming "as magnificent a memorial to the dead as even the Pharaohs of old Egypt attained."

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COOK'S Annual SUMMER Cruise

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A magnificent itinerary—63 days—Madeira, Lisbon, Gibraltar (for Granada), Malaga, Monaco (for Monte Carlo and Nice), Genoa, Naples, Venice, Fiume and Abbazzia Athens, Constantinople, Beyrout (for Baalbek and Damascus), Haifa (for Nazareth, Tiberias and Jerusalem), Jaffa, Alexandria, Cairo, Naples, Gibraltar, New York. Optional return via North Atlantic from Southampton or Liverpool. Like last year's "Cameronia Cruise"—every comfort possible—every hour crowded with interest and recreation.

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Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H.
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ATTRACTIVE, cheerful room in private Flatbush home, one or two adults. Block from Church Ave. subway station. References. Flatbush 5670. 3,347, Outlook.

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UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

SEND YOUR NAME and address with $1, receive promptly box fine stationery, 200 sheets, 100 envelopes, printed with your name and address. The right thing now for personal and semi-business correspondence. Address Dept. H 9, PARAMOUNT PAPER CO., Kalamazoo, Mich. Add 10% West of Denver.

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Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

HOME for orphaned children, located in western part of New York State, wants an assistant superintendent, whose wife is competent to serve as supervising mother of children's cottages, of which there are eight. In writing state references, age, and experience. Address 3,307, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Mother's helper, nurse, or governess, to care for little girl age seven. Address Mrs. H. V. W. Wickes, Rye, N. Y.

WANTED—Thoroughly dependable woman for general housework, small Protestant family, White Plains, New York. 3,352, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—October, 1923—man or woman to take entire management of Southern boarding school for young children. Must teach few subjects and have following. Address 3,278, Outlook.

WANTED, at once, lady, Protestant, experienced teacher, for girl 8. Not over thirty. Country. Salary sixty dollars month. Send picture. Good reference. Box 15, Fairville, Chester County, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SOUTHERN woman wishes responsible position camp, hotel, or private home. Only good salary considered. 3,339, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, experienced, would like position as supervisor in home or school for girls in or near New York City. References furnished. 3,353, Outlook.

OFFICE manager, woman, fifteen years with New York City estate, wants change. 3,359, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WIDOW of refinement desires position as companion. Best of references. 3,310, Outlook.

ENGLISH young woman, companion, secretary, chaperon; wide European experience; highly educated; highest references. Address 3,292, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COLLEGE STUDENT—Young man desires position as companion or tutor with family to travel in Europe this summer. Knowledge of foreign languages. Best of references. 3,314, Outlook.

CAPABLE, trustworthy, refined lady desires position as housekeeper in motherless home. 3,328, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman will travel as companion. Enjoys reading aloud, writing, and sewing. 3,331, Outlook.

SMITH graduate and art student—summer position as companion or tutor. Traveling preferred. Wynna Wright, Newton Highlands, Mass.

PRINCETON senior wishes to travel abroad during summer as companion in return for expenses. Best references. 3,332, Outlook.

WANTED—Position with Protestant family as confidential household assistant by an experienced, cultivated, healthy, cheerful, capable American woman of New England background. 3,336, Outlook.

REFINED and cultivated Christian woman desires new engagement July 1. Thoroughly competent hostess, housekeeper, and buyer; refers to present employers, for whom she has managed large household for thirteen years. Communicate with F. Hardy, 130 East 22d St., New York City.

COLLEGE junior desires position as traveling companion to boy. Could tutor in French and Italian. Best references. Box 825, Williamstown, Mass.

EDUCATED young woman desires position as companion or secretary. Will travel. Available June 10. 3,362, Outlook.

LADY of refinement and education, boarding school experience, desires position as housemother. 3,343, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position as housekeeper in motherless home where maid is employed. Highest references. 3,346, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher, young lady, as companion to family going abroad. Highest references. 3,345, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse, efficient housekeeper, will care for elderly or convalescent and supervise house. 3,348, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged woman of moderate education, who has son in Eastern college, wants employment in or near Boston. Can give references. Address 3,354, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as hostess or traveling companion by cultured middle-aged widow. Best of references. 3,355, Outlook.

GARDENER, English. Life experience in all branches. References. Married, no children. E. Adey, Sharon, Conn.

Teachers and Governesses

BRYN Mawr graduate desires position as tutor-companion. Will travel. References. 3,330, Outlook.

SWISS woman, certificated teacher of languages, as tutor, companion, chaperon, secretary, to Europe. Experienced traveler. Expenses only. References. 3,337, Outlook.

WANTED—To go to France or Spain, by modern language teacher, as tutor, social secretary, or companion from June-September. Write 3,335, Outlook.

FORMER university instructor leaving for Europe in March is available as tutor to one or two boys. References. 3,342, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED French-Swiss teacher desires summer position as tutor, companion, or governess to young children where nurse is kept. Fluent English; good reader. Strict disciplinarian; gymnastics, games, and songs. Would go on ranch or to California, also New England coast. Highest references. 3,356, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

ENGLISH woman, teacher, now engaged in Boston private school, would be interested to hear of educational opening in California. Would consider an interest in established school or teaching a group of children Address 3,344, Outlook.

CULTURED young lady, graduating from college June, would like to travel abroad this summer as tutor (for expenses) to young girl or boy accompanied by parents. Best references given and required. Address 3,349, Outlook.

SOUTHERN young lady desires position as governess or companion; two years' teaching experience, B. A. degree, accomplished in English, French, and music. Would like position with refined family, beginning June 1, 1923. References furnished upon request. No. 141, Mansfield, La.

EXPERIENCED primary teacher desires position as governess. Could supervise care of children in mother's absence. Available June 10. 3,363, Outlook.

KINDERGARTEN, primary teacher desires position in private family or school. Governess, companion, mother's helper; any position of trust. Excellent references. Experienced. Capable, accommodating, well educated. Address 3,361, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Educated adult male to assume care, instruction, companionship, and general management in own home of slightly mentally defective young man of twenty-two No bad habits. Best references given and required. Dr. H. M. Joy, Calumet, Mich.

WILL receive one or two backward children for very special care in my home on farm in South Jersey. Eight years' experience. 3,308, Outlook.

HOME school for a few talented children summer months. Berkshire foothills. 3,309. Outlook.

BRIDGE taught so you can play it. Experienced woman teacher. Beginners. Reasonable fee. 3,322, Outlook.

BOYS' summer tutoring camp in Maine Home life, expert tutoring, no routine, no extras. Address 3,329, Outlook.

WOULD like to board child on farm in foot-hills of Adirondacks. References furnished. 3,334, Outlook.

DIRECTOR for a Girl Scout camp. Vigorous woman with experience in camping and work for girls. Physical education or Scout training desirable. Salary $300 for the season Camp site in Palisades Park, accommodates 100 girls. Address Mrs. Percy Allan 36 Plymouth St., Montclair, N. J.

WANTED — Defective people to board Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

FREE TUITION—including even board and room, to young women ages 18 to 35 learning in New York City or Chicago institutions a recognized profession paying $200 month salary on graduation. Apply for details to 1101 Times Bldg., Times Sq., N. Y. C or 1515 Capitol Bldg., Chicago.

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All Over the U. S. A.—

Pictured on this page you see the principal new buildings in seven representative American cities.

All kinds of buildings are included among them—libraries, schools, hospitals, banks, office buildings, stores, hotels, railroad stations, warehouses, factories. All kinds of materials were used in their construction—stone, brick, terra cotta, concrete.

Yet every one of these buildings has the same roof—a Barrett Specification Roof.

For leading architects and engineers all over the United States know from experience that the Barrett Specification Roof represents the utmost in roof economy—lowest cost *per year of service.*

The seven cities shown are typical of all progressive American cities. No matter where you go you will find that a large majority of the permanent flat-roof buildings—whether they are industrial, commercial, or public buildings—are covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

Bonded Against Upkeep Expense

Without cost to the owners, Barrett Specification Roofs are bonded by the U. S. Fidelity and Guaranty Company against repair or maintenance expense; Type "AA" Roof for 20 years, and Type "A" Roof for 10 years. We will gladly send on request full information regarding these bonded roofs and copies of the Barrett Specifications.

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Whether this be so or not, the fact that the modern memorial is designed for the enjoyment of the public emphasizes the change between old and new ideals. Lord Leverhulme at the opening ceremonies, illustrating the thought that the appreciation and possession of beautiful things need not wait till one has amassed riches, told how he bought two little Derby biscuit-ware shepherdess groups, to be found now in one of the galleries, in the days when he was a young grocer at Wigan. Among the many treasures of the new Museum is a "Napoleon Room," containing a bedroom suite of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, a work-table of Josephine's, Napoleon's death-mask, and other valuable relics of the Emperor.

From the Atlanta "Constitution:"

"Bill," the poet gasped to his friend, "I wrote a poem about my little boy and began the first verse with these words:

"My son, my pigmy counterpart."

"Yes, yes?"

The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read!" he blazed. "See what that compositor did to my opening line."

The friend read aloud: "My son, my pig, my counterpart."

A good example of the painstaking research involved in running down a historical fact is found in the "American Printer" for February 5. The question was asked, "When did Franklin arrive in Philadelphia?" The answer:

> The exact date of Franklin's arrival in Philadelphia is not known. The only reference to the date is that which occurs in the Autobiography and it is somewhat indefinite. Franklin speaks of arriving on Sunday morning and of the night before as "being cold in October."
>
> Benjamin Franklin ran away from his brother's employment in Boston. James Franklin advertised in the "New England Courant," which was his own newspaper, under date of September 30, 1723, for a likely boy as an apprentice. Benjamin had run away before that date, of course, but probably not before the date of the "Courant" of the week previous. October 3, 1723, was a Sunday, and figuring the time of his journey as he set the days forth in his Autobiography it is probable that he arrived in Philadelphia on that date. It was either that or Sunday, October 10.

Here is another interesting "footnote to history," found in a book called "The Chickasaw Nation." In a speech made when a statue of Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian, was placed in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., this statement was made by Senator Owen, of Oklahoma: "No alphabet in all the world reach[es] the simplicity and the value of the Cherokee alphabet as invented by Sequoyah. With the Sequoyah alphabet a Cherokee could learn to spell in one day. So great an intellectual accomplishment was this that Canon Kingsley named the great red cedars of California 'sequoias,' because they were typical of the greatest native North American Indian."

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